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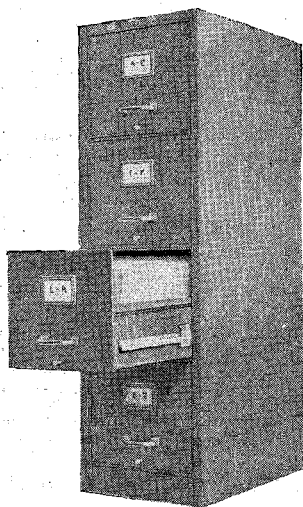
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The Outlook

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What town will be next?

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What town will be next? Who knows? It may be a quiet hamlet, or a busy factory town helping to build America. It may be a great city.

But the day is coming when we shall not consider what town will be the next, because roofs will be fire-safe. Buildings will no longer be topped with tinder, and when that day comes, fire's path will be blocked. You can see this working out in your town.

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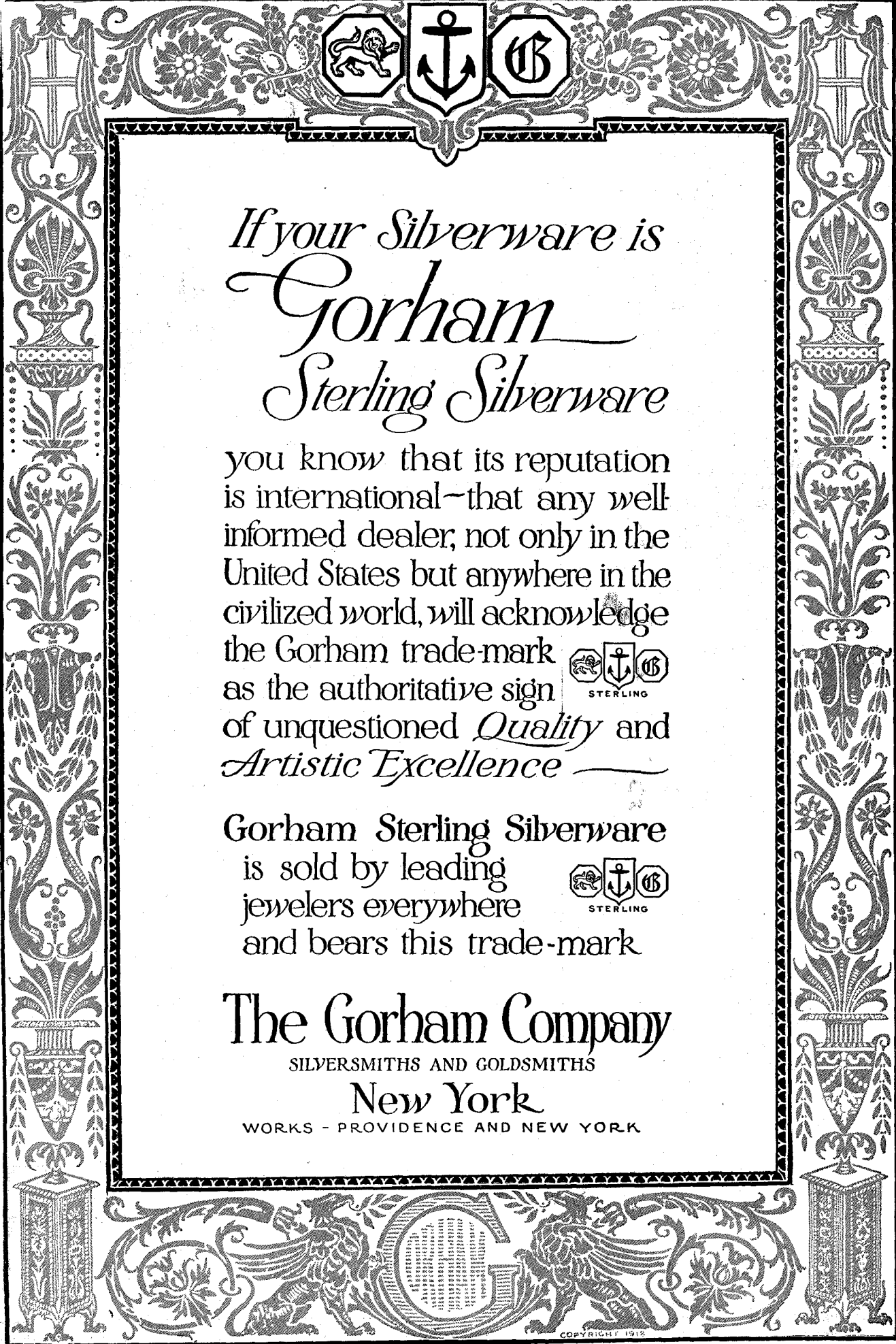
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The Outlook

MARCH 20, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

THE NEXT LIBERTY BOND ISSUE

It is very important, both for patriotic and for material reasons, that the next Liberty Bond sale, which will begin some time next month, shall be a complete success. Its oversubscription will be a guarantee that the country has the kind of determination to win the war which General Grant so well expressed in his famous despatch, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Preparations are being made for a country-wide campaign, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, which shall surpass in its enthusiasm and efficiency the work of the two previous loans.

Volunteer committees are being formed and private citizens are preparing in their localities, but it must be frankly recognized that there are certain difficulties in the way of the new loan which did not present themselves in the two previous Liberty Bond campaigns. Heavy income tax payments are due this summer from the people who so enthusiastically subscribed for the previous issues, and those issues have in many instances depleted the ready cash of buyers. Therefore special inducements are likely to be necessary to persuade subscribers in many instances to make a supreme effort.

Two practical suggestions for making the coming loan especially attractive have come to our attention that appear worthy of favorable consideration. The first is made by Mr. Frank Seaman, which appears in an article on page 457 in this issue. Mr. Seaman is a well-known New York business man of large interests in merchandising and industry. His proposal is to make the new bonds of more than ordinary value to the merchant and business man by exempting them from liens or attachments in bankruptcy proceedings, provided that when they are bought the buyer is solvent. This would make these bonds a kind of insurance for the families of merchants against the inevitable risks of commercial business. We commend a careful reading of his article.

The second suggestion also comes from a New York business man, Mr. N. T. Pulsifer, the head of an important and well-known manufacturing concern. He makes it in a letter to a prominent investment banker of this city, from which we are permitted to quote:

I have read with interest your pamphlet on "How to Raise Money for a Third Liberty Bond."

I quite agree with you that the "Baby Bond" [that is to say, the fifty-dollar bond] appeals to a large number of small investors who would not be interested in the War Savings Stamps.

The chief objection I have heard to the "Baby Bonds" is that the people who buy them have no place to keep them.

It has occurred to me, and doubtless it has to others, that if the savings banks could be enlisted to become the custodians of the Liberty Bonds so purchased, so that they would keep them for their depositors, and cut off the coupons when due, and cash them, and carry the proceeds to the savings accounts of their depositors, two things would be accomplished: first, the safe keeping of the bonds themselves, and, second, the saving of the interest paid on the coupons.

If the savings banks and other banks with savings departments all over the country would unite on this plan, it would not only be a patriotic aid in the stimulation of Liberty Bond purchasers, but it would without doubt be of great benefit to the savings banks themselves. Small bondholders having savings bank accounts would augment those accounts, and bondholders not having savings bank accounts would be induced to open such accounts. The machinery would be simple.

Let us suppose that John Smith, of Cornwall, New York, has

three one-hundred-dollar bonds which he has bought in the three campaigns. He takes them to the savings bank, gets a receipt for them, and can get them back at any time on presentation of his receipt. The proceeds of the coupons clipped and cashed by the savings bank will be shown on his pass-book. The increase of deposits would doubtless pay the savings banks for any expense they are put to in taking care of the bonds and coupons. We do not see that there is any way in which the Government can act in this matter, but the Savings Bank Associations in the various States or the American Bankers Association for the United States might well take the matter up and see if it cannot be universally adopted throughout the country.

A TRADE BOYCOTT OF GERMANY?

President Wilson has said:

The worst that can happen to the detriment of the German people is this—that if they should still, after the war is over, continue to be obliged to live under ambitious and intriguing masters interested to disturb the peace of the world, men or classes of men whom the other peoples of the world could not trust, it might be impossible to admit them to the partnership of nations which must henceforth guarantee the world's peace. It might be impossible, also, in such untoward circumstances, to admit Germany to the free economic intercourse which must inevitably spring out of the other partnerships of a real peace.

This defines the unvindictive spirit with which all men of good will regard this economic question. It defines in especial the spirit which animated the United States Chamber of Commerce, which has now passed, by a vote of 1,204 to 154, a resolution warning Germany that unless she abandons her militaristic policy an economic combination may be formed against her. The Chamber has wisely resolved to bring this to "the attention of the business men of Germany," so that they may take steps to prevent a "disastrous economic war," the kind of war which the overwhelming sentiment among a thousand of our local commercial organizations would visit upon Germany.

Why should we aid economically in rebuilding a militaristic Germany?

THE "GENERAL EYE"

President Wilson has appointed Mr. Bernard M. Baruch Chairman of the War Industries Board.

This Board is an outgrowth of the Council of National Defense, and that Council is an outgrowth—though incomplete—of the popular demand for a body representing the best brains of industry, of the Army and Navy, of Congress and of the Federal Executive, to co-ordinate our industrial, military, and National resources and policies.

The functions of the War Industries Board are the seeking for additional sources of war supplies, the conversion of existing facilities to new uses, the conservation of resources, the giving of advice regarding prices, the determination of priorities of delivery, and now the supervision of purchases for the Allies.

The War Industries Board has developed especially along the lines of prices and priorities. This development the President further emphasizes in his letter to Mr. Baruch asking whether he would accept appointment. The new Chairman is to be at least a general surveyor if not a final arbiter, for, in fact, as the President says, "he should act as the general eye in all supply departments in the field of industry."

In the determination of prices, however, from the terms of

the President's letter, we assume that Mr. Baruch must be governed by the advice of the members of the Materials Board of the Council of National Defense, the Labor member of the Council, the Chairmen of the Trade and Tariff Commissions, and the Fuel Administrator.

In the determination of priorities Mr. Baruch will be assisted, we assume from the President's letter, in addition to the present priorities organization, by representatives of the Food, Fuel, and Railway Administrations and of the Shipping and War Trade Boards.

If competition for supplies among the Government departments and among the Allies is thus eliminated, the new order of things may materially contribute toward satisfying the demand for centralization of Governmental powers.

NEXT YEAR'S COAL

The regulations recently issued by the Fuel Administration at Washington are interesting in themselves and welcome because they show that a definite plan is already under way for handling next year's coal problem. It is none too soon to provide for this, even though this year's coal problem is not yet out of the way.

The average citizen is most immediately interested in the question as to how he may and can get coal into his cellar for domestic use. He will find that after April 1, when he files his coal order, he must file with it a certified statement. In it he must tell how much coal he wants for the coming year, how much he used in the past year, how much he has on hand, what kind of heating plant he uses, what sort of house he has and how many rooms, what dealer he has bought from, and what he has paid. In the smaller places coal cards may be used instead of certificates.

The Fuel Administration urges consumers to put in their orders early, and suggests that April is none too early. Whether the consumer will find coal ready for delivery in April in quantity is another question. The plan is that the consumer shall receive only two-thirds of what seems to be a fair year's supply for him, and that after all the orders have been filled to the extent of two-thirds, then a second round, so to speak, shall supply the remaining third to each. In this way it is thought that a more equitable division of the coal will be made and that no shortage will occur.

The regulations provide that an average reduction of thirty cents a ton is to be made by all retailers on coal sold between April 1 and September 1. Penalties are to be inflicted upon the consumer who signs a false certificate and on the retailer who violates the law.

WANTED—A BUDGET

The Outlook has long favored a budget system for America similar to that used by England.

At present all our Governmental estimates are made by the heads of the executive departments and go to the Secretary of the Treasury, who transmits them to Congress. He has no power to change them, or even to review them.

What we need is, first, that these estimates should be reviewed at a Cabinet council in their relationship to each other and co-ordinated so as to save duplication and extravagance; and, second, that the Secretary of the Treasury should be empowered to act as a true financial head, supervising all estimates.

These reforms should have long since been undertaken by the Executive. Until they are, any reform undertaken by Congress in its treatment of the estimates is only one step in advance, although a desirable step.

In the Billion Dollar Urgent Deficiency Bill, now being debated by the House, Representative Sherley, of Kentucky, said that there was nothing really required except such executive action. In his Message last December President Wilson, ignoring the more elemental reform, recommended to Congress that all its committees now handling appropriations be merged into one. A joint committee of the two houses should be appointed, we think, so as to prevent unconsidered items being attached to appropriation bills in the Senate. If this cannot be done,

however, then we favor one such committee for the House itself.

Mr. Sherley added:

We have always been more or less under the tyranny of phrases. Many people speak about a budget without any contemplation of what is involved. . . . I have always favored a concentration of appropriating power. . . . I have not sought to press it at this time because of the tremendous tasks that are placed upon Congress in connection with the war. To undertake reform of that magnitude, and reform that did not meet with universal acquiescence of the House, would be simply to cripple and not to help in the presentation of great financial bills. . . . The true duty of the budget is to consider expenditures in relationship not simply to the needs or desires of the Government, but to the ability of the country properly to stand the taxation necessary to pay for the expenditures. But . . . you make appropriations at this time, during a war, not with regard to the burden that it will place upon the people of America; you make it with regard to the sole requirements of prosecuting and winning the war. . . . The need for a budget in a peace-time sense does not exist in war time.

We differ from Mr. Sherley. Doubtless there is a difference between peace time and war time. But we feel that the present war time is precisely the time when a budget is most needed. The urgent necessities of the war, the enormous growth of the National expenditure under present conditions, and the reduction of the Nation's power occasioned by extravagance and waste, give the matter an importance far greater than it ever had before.

We are also sure that there is something required besides executive action. Congress could, by a just rule, as President Butler of Columbia University recently pointed out, hold in abeyance its Constitutional power to increase or add to the items of the estimates for expenditures, leaving only the power to reduce or strike out—the plan followed in Great Britain.

Nor is this all. In order to enjoy the benefits of the British system Congress should also enjoy the advantages of the British Parliament. In the House of Commons Cabinet members sit and answer questions concerning the estimates they have recommended. In this country, not only Cabinet members, but also such officials as the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the Chairmen of the Tariff and Trade Commissions, of the Shipping Board, and of the Civil Service Commission, together with the Food and Fuel Administrators, might well occupy seats in the Senate and House of Representatives, with the right to participate in debate on matters relating to the business of their respective departments.

By the daily reports in the papers of such discussions the man in the street might at last understand just how the growth in our expenditures has come about.

UNFORTUNATE

The March number of the "Metropolitan Magazine," with which Theodore Roosevelt is editorially affiliated, has been barred from the mails by the Postmaster of the City of New York. This issue of the "Metropolitan" contains two articles either or both of which may have led to its exclusion from the mails.

The first is an article by William Hard entitled "Is America Honest?" It reports an imaginary conversation between the Kaiser; President Wilson; Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece; and Evangelista, a bandit of Santo Domingo. In this article the Kaiser, the Greek Minister, and the Dominican revolutionary quote verbatim from the President's various addresses and messages during the last three years and attempt to show their inconsistency. The President, on his part, endeavors to interpret and reconcile his utterances. The article is a brilliant and often amusing one, and it must be said that the President is made to hold his own very well in the face of what are apparently some knock-down blows. But of course its manifest purpose is to satirize the variability and uncertainty of the President's war policy.

The other article is an editorial by Mr. Whigham, the editor-in-chief of the "Metropolitan." It is an attempt to "Put the Blame Where It Belongs" for our War Department and administrative blunders during the past winter—namely

on the shoulders of the President. The temper of the editorial is fairly indicated by the following quotation :

Under our form of government, Mr. Wilson is entirely responsible and solely responsible for the choice of his Cabinet and for the selection of administrative officers outside of the Cabinet. In no other country in the world, certainly not in Germany or in England or in France, is there a chief executive with so much power, power almost amounting to real dictatorship. For the lamentable failures of the present Administration, therefore, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wilson alone is responsible. Therefore we may expect sooner or later that in spite of all the idolatry of the past Mr. Wilson will come in for a large share of the blame. . . . Of course the President is to blame. But that is only a superficial view of the matter. We, the people, are infinitely more culpable. After all, Mr. Wilson is doing what his nature and accomplishments permit him to do. He is trying his best to be a good war President. But we . . . made the unpardonable mistake of electing Mr. Wilson President. There lies the real blame. . . . We voted for him because he was neutral about the ruin of Belgium and because he was worse than neutral about the sinking of the Lusitania. . . . We are sorry to say that a fairly large section of the public acts just like the New York "World." Having voted for Mr. Wilson in order to be allowed to go on profiting by the war, and having hedged Mr. Wilson round with a sanctity that few monarchs and fewer saints have ever enjoyed, they are now beginning to look for some one to blame, because they possibly have not enough coal to keep them warm and not enough sugar to sweeten their coffee. . . . Our only hope of real and permanent improvement is, first, that the Nation should realize its own culpability and put the blame where it belongs, on its own shoulders. For the Nation elected Mr. Wilson with its eyes open. Second, that every one, even if he is a Democrat, should cease to be an idolater and stop talking as if to criticize the Administration were blasphemy. No one in England thinks he is aiding the enemy simply because he ventures to suggest that Lloyd George might possibly be mistaken. Look at Northcliffe's utterances. It is a positive fact that if any American newspapers said about Mr. Wilson what the "Times" and "Daily Mail" have said about Lloyd George and Asquith, Mr. Burleson would refuse to pass them through the mail.

With rather grim irony, Mr. Burleson has answered this editorial in the "Metropolitan" by refusing to pass it through the mail. When we say Mr. Burleson, we do not mean that he personally issued the order. But certainly he is responsible for such acts in his Department. The order came from Postmaster Patten, of New York City. No one supposes that the New York Postmaster issued such an order, nor can he legally do so, without authority from the Post-Office Department. Mr. Lamar, the Solicitor for the Post-Office Department, has issued a public statement in which he says that the Department did not issue such an order, but that he (the Solicitor) wrote to the Postmaster of New York about the article by Mr. Hard in the "Metropolitan," and that his "letter may have been so unfortunately worded as to fully warrant such notice to the publishers." The Administration has had a number of vexatious experiences with unfortunate phrases. It is certainly unfortunate that the periodical with which Theodore Roosevelt is associated should be debarred from the mails, even if such debarment was due not to intent but to dubious and confusing phraseology on the part of the Government.

No public action has been taken against the anti-Ally, and therefore seditious, statements of the Hearst newspapers, or the unspeakable course of that once outspokenly pro-German periodical formerly known as the "Fatherland" and now camouflaged under the *nom de guerre* "Viereck's Weekly." "Viereck's Weekly" has been persistent and malignant in its attack on Mr. Roosevelt because of his "win-the-war" activities, but then Mr. Roosevelt is merely an ex-President. Meanwhile, at this writing, March 12, we learn by telephone that the March "Metropolitan" is still debarred from the United States mails.

WOMEN SUCCESSFUL AS VOTERS

On March 5 the women of New York City had their first opportunity to show their mettle as voters on questions of National politics. In four Congressional districts within the city there was a special election for Representatives in Congress. In each of the four districts a Democrat, a Republican, and a Socialist candidate stood for election. One district put forward a

woman candidate on the Prohibition ticket, but her candidacy was evidently not taken seriously by the women voters, for she received only 382 votes out of the over 9,000 ballots cast by the women in that district. The Democrats won by a large plurality in all four districts, and the result is taken by political leaders as a vote of confidence in President Wilson's announced policy of carrying on the war vigorously.

All observers agree that the women voters showed intelligence, facility, and determination in their first appearance at the polls and in their handling of the technique of marking and casting their ballots. Their interest in their new civic function is indicated by the fact that ninety per cent of the registered women voted, while less than forty per cent of the men who were registered appeared at the polling-places. This is partly explained by the fact that the men registered last October for the Mayoralty election, while the women registered only recently for this special Congressional election. Nevertheless, making due allowance for this fact, it is clear that the women showed a more serious and determined purpose in the election than the men. The election did not appear to interfere with the house-keeping or maternal duties of the women voters, and many of them expressed themselves as finding the operation less difficult and confusing than they had anticipated.

That the men are beginning to feel that their jokes at the expense of the women voters are recoiling on their own heads is indicated by the following clever verses, signed "John O'Keefe" and entitled "The Missus's Vote," which we find in the New York "World:"

"And what frock will you wear when you vote?"

To the missus said I.

"Will you put on that marvelous coat

That it broke me to buy?

Will you dazzle the girls at the polls

With your burden of boas and stoles

From the sables and foxes and moles?"

To the missus said I.

"You've another guess coming, old beau,"

Said the missus to me.

"This is not any Dressmakers' Show,

Imitating Paree!

For the costume I'm putting on view

(That is, figuratively) for you

Is composed of the Red-White-and-Blue,"

Said the missus to me.

"Will you vote just about as you shop?"

To the missus said I.

"With a whirl at your cerebral top

And with fingers that fly?

Is a candidate yours for his airs?

Or the color of necktie he wears?

Or the way that he brushes his hairs?"

To the missus said I.

"When your cheap little jesting is done,"

Said the missus to me,

"I will vote for the Flag-and-the-Gun,

And a world to be free;

For the triumph of Right in the fray,

And the Yankees' victorious way,

And a peace that shall evermore stay!"

Said the missus to me.

From results of the ballot-box fight,

It appears that she voted all right!

THE WISCONSIN SITUATION

A fortnight ago the upper house of the Wisconsin Legislature censured Senator La Follette for his attitude in the war. The lower house has, we are glad to say, confirmed this action. As one of the Assemblymen said, "The State of Wisconsin is on trial before the bar of public opinion." He continued :

The people of the Nation . . . expect us to condemn and rebuke those in high and representative places who have sought to quibble and question and hamper and obstruct our Government in the successful prosecution of the war. Senator La Follette has by his actions . . . brought the fair name of the State

of Wisconsin into ill repute. The people of this Nation demand of us to rise to the occasion. . . . This much we must do; we can do no less.

The Legislature's action is significant of the opinion in Wisconsin concerning one whose expulsion from the United States Senate is now being considered by a committee of that body. He has had great popularity with a certain element in his State. How much he has lost with those recent supporters who are now standing with the Federal Government is not yet known, but we are sure that there has been a great, and that there will be a greater, shrinkage.

The Legislature's action also clears the situation for immediate activity in the Senatorial primary campaign to fill the vacancy caused by Senator Husting's death. For the Republican primary nomination there have been three candidates—James Thompson, a follower of La Follette; former Governor Francis E. McGovern, a man of high administrative ability and in the forefront among Wisconsin statesmen; and Irvine L. Lenroot, the able Wisconsin Representative in Congress. On March 11 Mr. McGovern announced his withdrawal from the race. Mr. McGovern's action, as stated, was based on the indictment, on the charge of violating the Espionage Act, of Victor Berger, the Socialist candidate. This indictment, as Mr. McGovern says, practically removing Berger from the list of candidates, may cause Berger's followers to go in a body to the support of James Thompson, the La Follette candidate, at the Republican primaries, and insure his nomination on the Republican ticket should both Lenroot and McGovern remain in the field to divide the patriotic vote of the party. The statement issued by Mr. McGovern concludes:

In the public interest, therefore, and so that my party may not be disgraced and discredited for years to come, as now seems inevitable unless the choice of the Republicans is narrowed down to one candidate on each side of the great, vital, and transcendent issue of loyal and patriotic Americanism, I now retire in Mr. Lenroot's favor and place my services at his disposal.

Mr. McGovern's action will redound to his credit.

Writing to *The Outlook*, Mr. Lenroot also takes this view of the coming onslaught on the Republican primaries. He says: "The loyalty fight is in the Republican party; the pro-Germans and pacifists seem to think that because of La Follette's attitude they can make their best fight there. It is going to mean a hard campaign, but I think we are going to win."

The principal Democratic candidate at the coming primaries is Joseph E. Davies, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, who is said to enjoy the Federal Administration's support.

RUSSIA'S FATE IN SUSPENSE

To the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, which met in Moscow on March 12, President Wilson sent the following message:

May I not take advantage of the meeting of the Congress of the Soviets to express the sincere sympathy which the people of the United States feel for the Russian people at this moment when the German power has been thrust in to interrupt and turn back the whole struggle for freedom and substitute the wishes of Germany for the purpose of the people of Russia?

Although the Government of the United States is, unhappily, not now in a position to render the direct and effective aid it would wish to render, I beg to assure the people of Russia through the Congress that it will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration to her great rôle in the life of Europe and the modern world. The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.

The Moscow Congress has been called for the express purpose of ratifying the peace treaty signed by Germany and delegates representing Lenine. How far it is truly national and representative is doubtful; some reports state that it is made up solely, or nearly so, of delegates from the workmen's, soldiers', and peasants' committees.

Meanwhile Petrograd despatches speak of a split in purpose and feeling between Lenine and Trotsky, and the resignation of the latter as head of the Russian Foreign Office. The division

between the two arises from Trotsky's conviction that the Russians ought to fight against a peace extorted by force—a conviction which comes too late in the day to be of value.

The discussion of the proposed Japanese intervention in Siberia has continued. It has been denied that the United States has made (as had been reported from Japan) a demand for a guarantee of the withdrawal of Japanese troops from Siberia after the Russian crisis is over.

The German advance towards Petrograd was unfairly pushed forward for days after the peace treaty was signed, but seems to have been stopped during the week ending March 12, presumably to await the action of the Moscow Congress. Reports from eastern Russia say that Prince Lvoff has put himself at the head of a movement in Siberia to fight the Bolsheviks, to repudiate the peace treaty, and to aid Japanese troops which may be landed at Vladivostok. Prince Lvoff, it will be remembered, was the head of the Council of Ministers which assumed power in Russia just after the deposition of the Czar. There are other indications of armed resistance to Germany in Russia, especially among the Cossacks under General Semenov.

RUMANIA SUBMITS

Sympathy rather than condemnation is the universal feeling toward Rumania. From the time she entered the war she has been unfortunate, and she has also been betrayed. If there had been complete unity in the plans of the Allies, Rumania would not have been allowed to enter upon a widely extended offensive campaign without support. She did not receive at the time of her first defeat the support she should have had from Russia. Finally, the military dissolution of Russia left Rumania, or what was left of Rumania, open to hopeless defeat.

The treaties between Rumania and the Teuton Powers and between Rumania and Russia deprive Rumania not only of that part of the Dobrudja which Rumania received in 1913 after the second Balkan War, but of the older Dobrudja territory which Rumania took from Turkey under the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. This cuts Rumania off from the Black Sea, or at least from her best Black Sea port, Constanza. Presumably, in any distribution of Balkan territory which should follow a German victory in the war, the Dobrudja would go to Bulgaria, Bessarabia would go to Russia, under German control, and the main part of Rumania would be one of those nominally self-governing states which would in all but name be Teuton dependencies. Rumania undertakes to evacuate Bessarabia at once, and a common belief is that Germany has agreed that Russia—that is, a German-managed Russia—may re-enter Bessarabia.

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN ACTION

There is a stir of spring activity in the armies on the western front. In this activity the American troops are taking a constantly greater part. For instance, on March 11 came the reports of a raid on that day which is described as the first wholly American raid and reconnaissance. It was in the sector north of Toul, had been carefully rehearsed, and was a notable success.

The accounts state that our American barrage fire was admirably managed. Under its cover the American force (the censor will not allow the number to be stated and provokingly cuts out other interesting details) advanced boldly, penetrated for three hundred yards the German first and second lines, inflicted many casualties on the enemy, captured munitions and supplies, and returned without the loss of a man.

Casualty lists just published give the names of thirty-one American soldiers killed in action, but before the raid just described. The new system of giving out casualty lists from Washington under which name, rank, and cause of death or character of wound alone are given, and the residence in this country, date, and place of action are withheld, has caused much criticism and anxiety here. It is said, however, that General Pershing thinks that any fuller report might be of value to the enemy.

The safe arrival in France of the American Secretary of War and of transports carrying ten thousand American troops

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Webster in the New York Globe



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SWAT THE TSETSE FLY, WHOSE STING CAUSES SLEEPING SICKNESS AND DEATH

A DANGEROUS PEST

Kirby in the New York World



LONG DISTANCE

WAITING FOR ADVICE

Morris in the New York Evening Mail



THE GREATEST SPRING DRIVE

TWO WAYS TO ADVANCE THE GOOD WORK OF WINNING THE WAR FOR CIVILIZATION

Rogers in the New York Herald



LET OLD SOL HELP!—SET THE CLOCK ONE HOUR AHEAD!

is another cause for congratulation on this side of the water.

Our British comrades on the western fighting front were in fierce action on March 8 and 9, in the Ypres-Dixmude sector. They sustained savage and repeated attacks by the Germans on those days, and where the British were first driven back locally they later by counter-attacks re-established their lines.

A GREAT IRISH LEADER

In the early eighties Charles Stewart Parnell fell from grace as an Irish leader. John Edward Redmond rose to take his place. Not as spectacular as Parnell had been, Redmond proved to be a far safer leader for Ireland.

His thirty-seven years of service in the House of Commons have now ended. He was sixty-eight years old. His death has come as a shock to all who have watched the Irish leader's seemingly youthful strength. Mr. Redmond's portrait appears on page 450.

The truth is that Redmond was what every great leader must be, no matter what his later attainments—he was a real personality. He gloried in the title of Irishman, and no man ever presented to the world the virtues of the Irish more attractively.

In the second place, Redmond's long Parliamentary experience and his incessant devotion to Parliamentary activity made him notable. When one heard him speak in the House of Commons, therefore, he gave the impression not only of a party leader but also of a Parliamentary authority.

Though for years vigorously opposed to Mr. Redmond on all Irish political questions, Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster leader, recalling that he had known Mr. Redmond for thirty-five years, said: "I cannot recollect that one bitter or personal word ever passed between John Redmond and myself. . . . Indeed, we were not very far apart in our attempts at a settlement of the Irish question. . . . He was a great Irishman and an honorable opponent, and as such I mourn his loss."

But the thing which Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen, as well as the great majority of Irishmen, are thinking of to-day is Redmond's loyalty. At a time when he had attained the great project of his life and had succeeded in getting Home Rule for Ireland, knowing that his enemies might take advantage of the war to cast a cloud over that law—as they did—he was not deterred from unrestrainedly and unconditionally pledging the aid of the Irish to England. His speech in the House of Commons at the outset of the war will rank with the great historic speeches of our time. He set an example which all of Ireland should have followed. His open espousal of Great Britain's cause at that critical time was worth thousands of men to the armies of liberty.

"BATTLESHIPS ARE CHEAPER THAN BATTLES"

An efficient public servant has just died—George von Lengerke Meyer. He was not quite sixty years old. Born to great wealth, he used it well. It did not check his activity. After his graduation he went into the rubber business and also became an officer of many large industrial and financial concerns. He entered the Boston Common Council, and then the Massachusetts Legislature, where he became Speaker of the House. In 1890 President McKinley appointed him Ambassador to Italy, where his success justified his transfer to Russia by President Roosevelt, who two years later recalled him to accept the portfolio of Postmaster-General. From this post he was transferred to that of Secretary of the Navy. As Secretary he showed the resources of a practical statesman who knew how to utilize direct business methods in cutting administrative red tape.

But in this position he also displayed two qualities which should cause his name to be remembered. The first of these qualities was economy. Over and over he pointed out that we had too many dockyards for the size of our Navy. He recommended the abolishment of such yards as that of New Orleans, a hundred miles up the Mississippi River, and the extra yards in such States as Massachusetts, South Carolina, and Florida, which already had one yard. The other quality was his sense of the necessity of preparedness. He urged as the minimum of efficiency the construction of two battle-ships a year. Our naval policy, he said then, should be to possess a fleet powerful enough

to prevent or answer any challenge to this country. He urged this, not with the idea of outstripping other countries, but merely to enable the United States to hold its own. He declared that "treaties are of no use without a fleet," and that "battle-ships are cheaper than battles."

Events since those words were uttered have confirmed their truth.

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN

If any one would like to see fifteen different nationalities in the process of being welded into citizenship, let him call at the red brick building, evidently adapted from three former dwellings, at 51, 53, and 55 East Third Street, New York City, on the first Sunday afternoon of any month.

East Third Street runs from the Bowery to the East River. It is a typical East Side street. Its passers-by are Jews, of course—Russian, Rumanian, Hungarian, Austrian, German, Syrian Jews. But there are also Christians—Armenian, Italian, French, Belgian, Swedish, and white and black American—and Chinese besides.

Inside the building on a recent Sunday afternoon the visitor might have found children from five years of age up, standing and sitting about, enjoying their so-called "rally," or rehearsal for the public concert of the school given in Carnegie Hall on March 6.

This is one of the features of an enterprise which has existed for a quarter of a century. Inspired by it, twenty other similar enterprises in various parts of the country have been established. It is the Music School Settlement.

A thousand children in New York City go to this school. They sing free of charge. They take lessons for which they pay from ten to fifty cents—and last year some thirty thousand hours were devoted to those lessons. The settlement has a library of seventy-five hundred compositions. These statistics are eloquent. But they become more eloquent when we realize that the children are not only learning to enjoy one of the fine arts, but have the benefit of the best instruction, brought financially within the reach of virtually every one in the community, where otherwise only three or four per cent would have the opportunity; that the privilege of social service is impressed on the pupils, as they are sent on many an occasion to play without charge for schools, churches, and charitable institutions; that, on the other hand, the financial status of the pupils is improved by the hundreds of paid engagements secured to them throughout the year; that, besides maintaining regular summer courses, roof playground, and baths in the Third Street house, the Settlement sends more than a thousand children every summer to two camps, one at Newfoundland, New Jersey, the other at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, and that out of all this the children are becoming constructive forces in our civilization. Out of the friendly tumult of the Sunday afternoons at the red brick building in Third Street, out of the violins scraping and tuning, out of the patience of the director, Mr. Arthur Farwell, have come attention and discipline.

At the Music School Settlement there are applicants for lessons who cannot be supplied. There is a long waiting list. There are hosts of children who for lack of accommodations at the school are denied the chance to learn what music will mean to them as they grow older, and to find in it a solace in perplexity and sorrow. The children who want to come to the school should have the chance to come, and the men and women who are maintaining the school should be supported.

BLOCH'S YOUTHFUL SYMPHONY

America has become a refuge for musicians. Never before were there so many people of distinction in the world of music resident in this country as there are to-day. One of the latest arrivals is the famous violinist and violin teacher Auer, who is, for the time being at least, living in New York. Another such refugee, if he may be so called, is the Swiss composer Ernest Bloch. He is now teaching and lecturing at the David Mannes School in New York City, and is settled in that city with his family.

Last year a number of Mr. Bloch's works were performed,

and aroused considerable interest, partly because of their intrinsic qualities and partly because they were set forth as examples of modern Jewish music. Mr. Bloch has called one of his symphonies "Israel;" he has named a group of his compositions "Three Jewish Poems;" and he has composed psalms and a Hebrew rhapsody. Last winter he conducted a cycle of his Jewish works in Philadelphia.

On Friday afternoon, March 8, he conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra in a performance of his first symphony. It is not one of his recent works. In fact, he composed it sixteen years ago, when he was twenty-one years of age, and he has frankly acknowledged that it "has probably the qualities and defects of youth." It is an astonishing production for a man just through his preparatory musical studies. It is very hard for the layman to understand how anybody twenty-one years of age could have mastered all the technical intricacies of music necessary for the production of such an orchestral work as this.

The amateur listener at that concert might well have wondered how such a symphony would have struck Haydn or Mozart. We can imagine either of these old worthies clapping his hands to his ears and rushing to the street to find relief in the clatter and the rumble of the Seventh Avenue subway under construction. Nevertheless, the work is obviously sincere, vigorous, and earnest, and in instrumental color original; but it is terrifically noisy.

It is not so much that there is but an occasional piece of noise as it is that the noise is sustained. Dissonance is involved with dissonance at high tension.

That, it seems to us, is one of the signs of the youthfulness of which Mr. Bloch himself has made mention. The greatest experiences in mature life do not express themselves in noise. Such an impression of vastness bordering on infinity as may be derived from the sight of the quiet sea or the prairie or the sky at night is deepened by silence. Simplicity may almost be said to be an essential trait of greatness. The creative genius is the one who selects, out of the tangle of dissonances and complications and baffling inconsistencies and antagonisms of life, those elements that reveal unity and harmony and wholeness. It is only that youth who has not had experience who is stimulated by all the things that clash. So perhaps it is natural that Mr. Bloch's symphony should be a sort of external description of a young man's view of this discordant world.

It would be easier to accept this as a piece of genuine expressionism on the part of a young man if there were intrinsic musical beauty in the material which the composer used, but it is hard to discern any such intrinsic musical beauty at a single hearing. The greatest pictures retain evidence of their greatness as pictures even in reproduction. So it is with the greatest musical compositions. A Beethoven or a Brahms symphony is, of course, but a pale reflection when it is played by two amateurs in a four-hand arrangement on a pianoforte; but those amateurs who play that symphony again and again cannot remain in ignorance of the elements in the symphony that make it really great. We cannot imagine two amateurs playing a four-hand arrangement of Bloch and getting anything out of it. We cannot imagine them playing it, anyway.

The great fault of even so honest and capable and astonishing a piece of work as this is that it is hopelessly "modern." That means that it is hopelessly artificial. The soldiers in camp who sing "Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" will appreciate the beauties of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony;" but it is hard to imagine any group of people who have a natural liking for music, but are not sophisticated by any theories of modern musical impressionism, getting any enjoyment except perhaps a thrill of astonishment out of the "C Sharp Minor Symphony" by Ernest Bloch.

The armies that are fighting on the other side are making a great deal more noise than Napoleon's soldiers ever heard, but we have yet to hear that the great war has developed a Napoleon. A great many modern composers can make orchestras perform more wonderful feats than Bach, with all his elaborate and marvelous counterpoint, ever imagined; but, after all, Bach, after nearly two hundred years, is still a "live one."

If a young composer should ask our advice as to how he might in the modern world attain distinction, we should counsel him to study simplicity.

FOOD IN FRANCE

We are in receipt of some interesting little bread tickets from France. They show what the consumer has to meet there. They are issued by the French Government and are stamped, for instance, "3 Février," "4 Février," or "5 Février, 1918," as the case may be, and each reading "100 grammes de pain." The consumer gets three tickets each day, each ticket entitling him to 100 grammes (about 3½ ounces); he may thus count on a total of 10½ ounces a day. The difference between this ration and the average daily consumption per head before the war is seen in the fact that then it was about 26 ounces per head.

No cream may be offered at any public eating-place, only milk, and even milk may not be offered after nine o'clock in the morning. Nor may butter be served. Nor may solid food be served between 9 and 11 A.M. and between 2:30 and 6:30 P.M.

No restaurant keeper may serve at any meal more than four courses to the same customer: the first course to be soup, oysters, or other *hors d'œuvre*; the second and third to be of meat or other dishes, with or without vegetables; and the fourth to be a dessert, such as fruits, compote, preserves, marmalade, or an ice made without milk, cream, sugar, eggs, or flour. Of course the making of biscuits, pastry, and confectionery is prohibited.

Food coming under the public eating-place restrictions and bought elsewhere may not be eaten at such establishments. Moreover, all restrictions of patrons of public eating-places apply also to persons living in an apartment or in a hotel, and to clubs and other places where the consumption of food is not entirely free.

France is obviously restricted in her supply of food, and it is clearly possible that she may become even more restricted. The resultant obligation on America is evident.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS

At the very beginning of the war it was evident that there were going to be in it not only bad deeds, brutal deeds, but also good deeds, magnanimous deeds. One such is found in Coningsby Dawson's "Carry On:"

During one fierce engagement a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed. At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said, quietly: "I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer." So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders, and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the commander in the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross, and pinned it on the breast of the British officer. Such an episode is true to the holiest ideals of chivalry; and it is all the more welcome because the German record is stained by so many acts of barbarism which the world cannot forgive.

Another magnanimous deed has just taken place on this side of the Atlantic. The other day, on the coast at the Cape May aviation station, Ensign Walker Weed, one of the first aviators to be graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and one of the best fliers in the corps, was driving a service hydro-airplane. When the plane was about fifty feet above level, the wire which controlled the steering apparatus broke. The plane plunged down. When it struck land, there was a back-fire, and the three gasoline tanks exploded, enveloping the machine and its occupants in a whirlwind of flame. Weed unstrapped himself and, with his clothes afire, ran towards the ocean, but before reaching it looked back to see if his companion, William Bennett, was following. Bennett was still bound to the plane. Weed ran back, and finally extricated Bennett. By this time both aviators were burning to death, the flames being so fierce that the crystal of Weed's wrist watch was melted off. They struggled towards the sea. Bennett fell, breaking his nose, and, though Weed stumbled too, he succeeded in dragging the still helpless Bennett into the water, where they were freed from fire, rescued by brother officers, and hurried to the base hospital. At first it was thought Bennett would recover, though his legs had been burned practically to the bone. He died, however, a week later. Weed died immediately, his death being due not so much to his fearful burns as to the result of inhaling flames.

His act of devotion deserves to be ranked alongside those

other acts of individual heroism with which the records of our Army and Navy are replete.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA

THE whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own lives."

In this assurance from the President of the United States, sent to the Soviet Congress in Moscow on March 11, all Americans will concur. For nearly three years Russia, burdened with an autocratic, corrupt, and partly disloyal government, fought the Pan-German menace. What her armies did while England was preparing and while we remained coolly neutral places the whole world in Russia's debt. Now, after those exhausting months, Russia is torn to pieces by internal anarchy and overwhelmed by the German enemy from without. America, with her strength untapped, must, out of decent regard for her own self-respect, sympathize with Russia and do whatever is possible to aid her.

But at the present time, when the German enemy of human freedom is sweeping eastward toward the center of Russia, it is not sufficient that the whole heart of the United States be with the people of Russia; it is necessary that the American people put at the disposal of Russia and the cause of liberty their brain and their will and their arms, and that they enlist in the fight against Germany not only their own resources, but such resources as they can secure from friendly nations. We cannot stop Germany with sympathy.

And stop Germany we must if we are going to keep this world a safe place for free people to live in. Germany has been a nation besieged. Now she has broken through. Russia has given way, and there is no sign that she can ever renew the siege herself.

And from where Germany has broken through there leads a road to the goal of Germany's ambition.

Germany wants to dominate the world. To do that she knows that she must conquer her way to the East. She started to do that by building up a Pan-Germany to be formed out of the vassal or subject countries of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Turkey. That way led through Bagdad. Across that route, however, stand the British forces in Mesopotamia. Endangering that route, too, are the unconquered spirit of the Serbians and the restlessness of the peoples of Austria-Hungary. By the

greatest of Germany's good fortunes, therefore, it was at the moment when the Pan-German scheme, planned out on the line from Berlin to Bagdad, was most gravely imperiled that a new way was opened to Germany for her projected conquest of the East. The Russian dike gave way, and another route to the East was open which for alliteration's sake we may call, in contrast to the line of Berlin to Bagdad, the line of Berlin to Bokhara, or, if one likes it better, Berlin to Baluchistan.

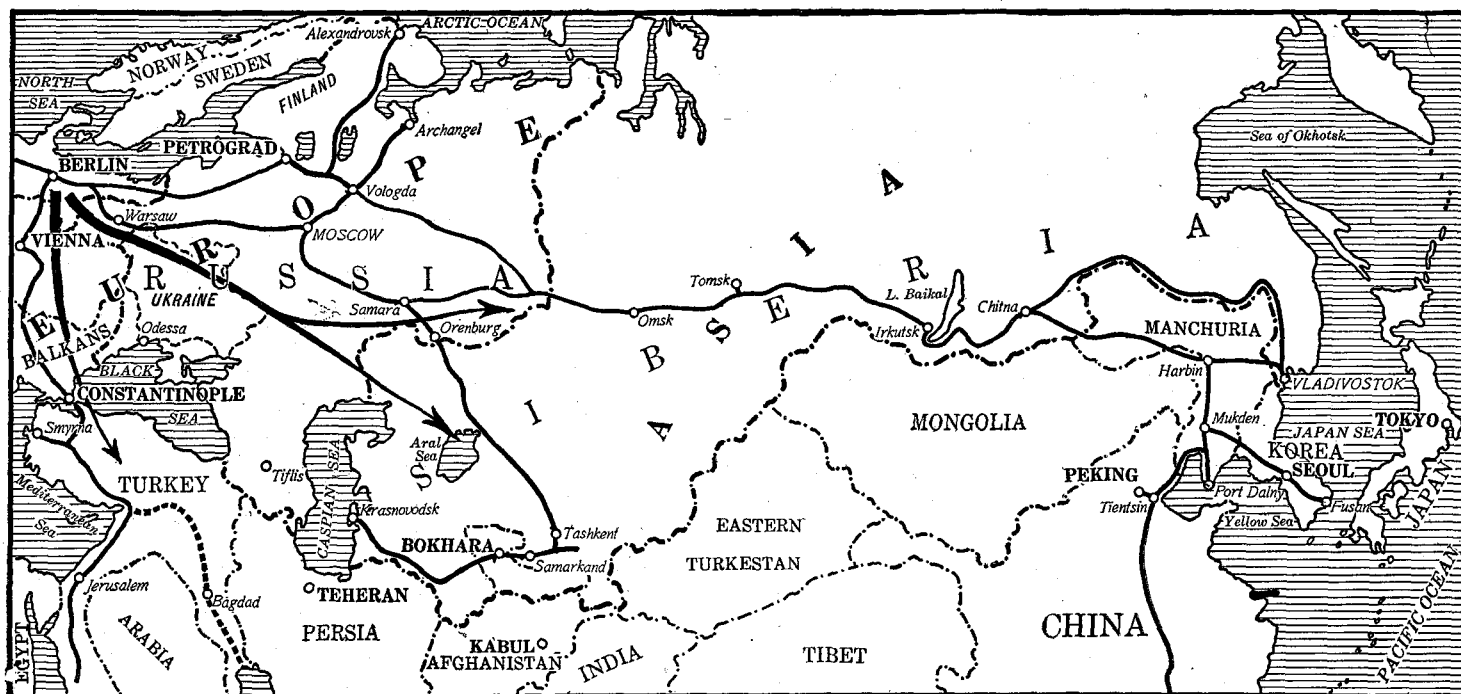
On this route Germany will find no liberty-loving Serbians standing in her path, no British army corps. She will, on the other hand, find Mohammedans whom she will not scruple to organize and to incite against Christian populations. In place of a united Russia she finds warring provinces so torn by class strife that they are no real obstacles to her, but can be used even as instruments of her greed.

If the vision of the old Pan-Germany is fading, by a shift of fortune there has come to the Kaiser and his military and political associates the vision of a new and more splendid Pan-Germany rising on the ruins of Russia and extending to India and the Far East.

Any map of Europe and Asia (such an outline map as is printed below) will show how Germany's fortunes have been revived by this shift; and such a map will show that her way is opening, not merely toward the Nearer East of India, but the Farther East of the Pacific. It is reported that a Chinese official said to a German: "The way to the East lies not through Asia Minor to the head of the Persian Gulf, but along the north coast of the Black Sea, along the Azov and Caspian, through Turkestan, thence through China to Peking." And now we see that not only that route lies before Germany, but also the route along the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok. If the Russians are as non-resistant in the future as they have now seemingly become, what stands in the way of German domination over what we have called Russia, or in the way of the plundering of the East by the Potsdam gang? What stands in the way of Germany's reaping this great reward for her perfidy, her brutality, her unspeakable crimes?

There are only two things that can stand in the way. One is the crushing, overwhelming defeat of Germany on the western front. The other is the military power of Japan, with such aid as could be derived from China and the United States.

To a crushing, overwhelming defeat of Germany on the western front all people who love liberty more than bodily comfort and even life must look forward with hope. Daily America is increasing her pressure on the Allied front. Daily the western



THE NEW PAN-GERMAN MENACE TO THE EAST

The arrow to the extreme left shows the direction of Germany's ambition and of her effort to conquer her way to the East by way of Bagdad. The dotted line indicates the extension of the Berlin to Bagdad Railway, part of which is still uncompleted. The double-headed arrow shows the directions opened by Russia's collapse to Germany's ambition for another and even greater Pan-Germany. The two heads of this arrow point along the general courses of the main railway lines through Russia toward the nearer and the farther East

Allies are approaching nearer the hour of victory. But everything that tends to postpone that hour is immeasurably costly in life and happiness and human welfare. We cannot afford to neglect anything which will bring that hour of victory nearer. And it will not relax the will to such victory, but rather stiffen it, to use every means available for the thwarting of Germany's plans. And so far the record of Allied arms against Germany in the west, glorious as that record is in the history of defensive warfare, is not such as to indicate the early coming of such an overwhelming victory as is necessary to make Germany disgorge all her ill-gotten gains. And the more gains she accumulates, the severer will be the defeat required to make her disgorge.

Every consideration, therefore, should impel the Allies, among whom we include the United States, to give countenance and aid to Japan against the new German menace.

Have we not yet learned, has not the lesson yet been beaten into us, that procrastination and over-caution and vacillation are godsend to the enemy?

Without delay we should make it clear to Japan that if she can undertake this task of replacing in Russia its power of resistance we shall give her enterprise our hearty support.

The Allies have a right to follow the German army wherever it goes and to fight the German army wherever it is found. Russia is either our ally, our enemy, or a neutral country. If she is our ally, we ought to come to her aid in whatever way is practicable. If her treaty with Germany makes her our enemy (which we do not for a moment believe), we of course have the right of fighting on her territory. And if she is a neutral Power we have the same right to meet the German armies in Russia that England had to meet the German armies in Belgium.

Of the Allies Japan is the only one that can undertake this task. England and France are out of the question. China has the men, but lacks the organization and the power. We have the men, but we are far away from the scene of action. Japan is near and Japan has the power.

While we are expressing our sympathy to Russia in words we ought also to express it by an action which speaks louder than words, by a cordial approval of the entrance into Russia by our ally Japan for the purpose of saving the Russian people from the German menace.

We must have regard for the feelings of the Russian people, but we must have greater regard for their liberties.

If the Russian people suspect the motives or purposes of Japan, there is only one way by which we can help to allay those suspicions, and that is by showing that we trust Japan ourselves. If there is danger that Japan may have territorial ambitions in the East, that danger can be averted by our active co-operation with Japan in combating the Power which is attempting to destroy democracy throughout the world.

This country ought to be decked with flags in honor of Japan's entrance to the fighting line against Russia's and the world's most terrible enemy.

LENTEN LESSONS

IV—LOVE'S SACRIFICE

The story is told of a Frenchman who invented a new religion but could get no attention paid to it. He went to Talleyrand for advice. "My religion," he said to Talleyrand, "is a great deal better than Christianity, but no one will even consider it. What would you advise me to do?" "Get yourself crucified," was the reply.

The cynic hit on the secret of the power of Christianity. That secret is not the doctrine but the practice of sacrifice. For no sacrifice is of any value to the world but self-sacrifice.

The peasant in the Hartz Mountains sometimes sees a gigantic human figure on the cloud-capped mountains. It terrifies him. It is his own image reflected from the clouds. So the ancient pagans saw their own images in the heavens and worshipped them. Fear inspired their religion and they brought sacrifices to pacify the gods they dreaded.

The ancient Hebrews used in the worship of Jehovah sacrifice as used by their neighbors in the worship of their gods, much as in the Middle Ages the Church used in the praise of God music as used by the Minnesingers in the praise of fair

maidens and chivalrous knights. But there was a vital difference between the sacrificial system of the pagans and that of the Jews. Sacrifices were required of the pagans; they were voluntary with the Jews.¹ No punishment was ever inflicted upon a Jewish worshiper for failing or refusing to sacrifice. No condemnation was uttered against him. But bitter and frequent were the invectives of the prophets against those who brought their sacrifices to the Temple and did not accompany them with works of justice and mercy in their daily lives.

Throughout the Hebrew history the sacrificial system is secondary and incidental; character and conduct are primary and essential. This truth may easily be traced by the unprejudiced student from the very earliest Hebrew law on this subject, "An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, . . . and if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone," down to an utterance of one of the latest of the prophets, "Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering." Even the ecclesiastical law provided that sacrifice should be offered only in Jerusalem, so that with the destruction of Jerusalem the sacrificial system came to an end, and Judaism has never since employed it. The sacrificial system of the Old Testament was simply a bridge over which religion passed from paganism to Christianity.

In paganism sacrifice is offered by a terrified mortal to appease the wrath of an angry God; in Judaism, by a remorseful mortal to satisfy the law of a just God; in Christianity the sacrifice is offered not by man to God but by God to man. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Sacrifice is not a means which man employs to win the love of God; it is the means which God employs to give life and love to man.

There were on Calvary three crosses, and on them three victims, all suffering the same physical pains and awaiting by slow tortures the same death. One was a brigand, defiant to the last of God and man. One was a sinless Sufferer bearing in his breaking heart the sin and shame of the world which crucified him and for which he died. And one was a repentant sinner, inspired to repentance by the Sufferer at his side.

There are to-day in Europe three crosses.

There are those who suffer cold and hunger and tears and wounds and death that they may impose their dominion on the civilized world. For most of them we may well pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Some are learning by their own suffering and the suffering of the comrades at their side what is the hell which the rule and religion of Odin imposes on mankind, and what is the glory of the cross-bearing followers of Jesus Christ.

Some have chosen cold and hunger and tears and wounds and death that they may give to the world the gift of liberty and justice. They are suffering not for their own sins but for the sins of the world. They have heard the call: "He laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

The only sacrifice Christianity knows is love's sacrifice.

IS MUSIC A NON-ESSENTIAL?

The other day at Carnegie Hall, in New York City, Arthur Farwell, the Director of the Music School Settlement, after he had finished leading an orchestral piece in the midst of the concert, turned about to the audience and made a brief speech in which he said:

Certain persons in high places have said that music at the present time is one of the non-essential industries. Is it non-essential when one former Music School Settlement boy, now in Paris, raises \$7,000 for the Allies by his music? Is it non-essential when one organization after another, working for Americanization, for our soldiers in France, for a world new-born in the triumph of right, comes to us asking us to lend our power of music, saying that without the power of music the organization cannot make the appeal necessary for its success?

These are all practical and utilitarian applications of music, simple to perceive and impossible to deny. But I say to you
¹ "He shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle" (Leviticus i. 3). It is true that our Revised Version gives a radically different translation: "He shall offer it at the door of the tent of meeting, that he may be accepted before the Lord." It is doubtful which of these translations is correct; but there is no doubt that the former epitomizes the spirit of the Levitical code.

that, even with present world conditions in view, these applications are not so great as music's higher use—higher because nearer to the one universal spirit out of which all these other things come. I mean the intrinsic power of music, unattached and unapplied, as it is here to-night—the direct power of music to put life into the heart and vision into the soul of man.

Mr. Farwell's words had power and authority, not because they were spoken by him, but because they were reinforced by the evidence there presented to the eyes and ears of the audience.

On another page we tell something of what the Music School Settlement is; but there at its annual concert it was plain to see what the Music School Settlement does. It does not turn out professional musicians; though by good fortune it has contributed to the world a gifted young professional violinist, Max Rosen. It does not primarily exist to enable boys and girls to learn how to support themselves by music or to give the pleasure of music to others in return for money. What it exists for is to implant into boys and girls of the rising generation and into the people of this country, so far as its influence extends, such knowledge of music, such understanding of it, that they will find through music an access to one of the real ends of life. As has been said, the philosopher tries to work out in his mind a theory of order that will explain the disorder and the trouble of the world; the religious teacher inculcates a faith in such order and harmony; while the artist creates a world of order for himself and for others. Music, therefore, is not an ornament to life, but has as serious and valid a part to play in life itself as religion or philosophy. It realizes, in a measure, that which philosophy thinks about and religion expresses in the terms of faith. So the boys and the girls of the Music School Settlement are getting something more than mere happiness. They are getting something worth living for in and of itself.

In a time of war we want to get rid of the non-essentials, the things that help to make life easier, perhaps, and pleasanter, but are not necessary. There are forms of music that are merely ornamental that can be called non-essential. But music itself is essential. If we are to treat it as a non-essential, we might treat as a non-essential life itself.

This is not mere theory. It is highly practical, and it has application to the conduct and prosecution of the war. A while ago a group of men appointed by the Commission on Training Camp Activities of the War Department made a visit to various camps. One of the members of that group was Professor Walter R. Spalding, head of the Music Department of Harvard University. He has written for the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" some of his conclusions as a result of his trip. The object of the journey was to put these men, who all had special knowledge of music, at the disposal of the military authorities in order to make music a means of greater efficiency among the soldiers. As Professor Spalding says, the spiritual plays a large part in the life of a soldier—the fundamental part.

"A clear illustration of this fact," he points out, "is shown by the phrase '*esprit de corps*.' What is the best means available for generating this fire of the spirit? Music: for between the qualifications of a good soldier, *i. e.*, the demand for precision, co-operative action, alertness, initiative, and the inherent characteristics of music, *i. e.*, rhythm, life, unified action, fire, and imagination, there is an everlasting relationship.

"Consider the implication of the purely technical terms 'tempo,' 'rhythm,' 'harmony,' 'accent.' Our Government is gradually coming to see that music should be made just as much a part of the equipment of our fighting men as weapons, uniforms, and rations. . . .

"We profoundly believe that a victorious army will be a music-loving army, and in making this assertion we are standing on the bed-rock of human instinct and are supported by the century-long experience of all the great military powers of Europe."

Music, therefore, as Mr. Spalding proves, is one of the essentials not only of the civilian population, but of the army. The materialism that would cut out of life such a force in war time would not only deprive the people of one of those things that are worth living for, but would injure the military efficiency of the Nation itself. There are many great things that are coming out of this war, and perhaps not the least of these will be a new understanding in America of the place of music in life.

DAWN

The Happy Eremit had managed somehow to get out of bed at four-thirty. There was no great virtue in this. He liked the silence of the early hours; he liked the consciousness that the millions of individual centers of conflict in the world round about were asleep. It seemed to him that it was easier to think when the atmosphere was not surcharged with the flying thoughts and passions of countless other human beings. He enjoyed with an epicure's relish the cup of indifferent coffee which he made himself on the alcohol stove; he enjoyed tiptoeing downstairs with the cup in his hand, knowing that he was bathed and shaved and dressed, and that the hour was still some minutes short of half-past five. Except for the initial effort of flinging back the covers, getting up at four-thirty was to the Happy Eremit rank dissipation in which he indulged himself only at intervals, owing to a rebellion in his family, who protested against suffering the effects in long, logy yawns from supper time until about nine, when *he* got his second wind and *they* were ready for bed.

The Lady Eremit took pains to point out that the working hours he stole from slumber in the morning he lost in semi-slumber in the evening; which was arithmetically true, but left out of consideration the peculiar lure and magic of the most ordinary and familiar surroundings under circumstances varying only a little from the every-day. The dim light in the eastern windows, the cool fresh air as he opened the door, the deep silence, broken at last by a cock-crow, the sky of robin's-egg blue, with the stars slipping out of sight one by one like shy faces, and that one blazing lamp above the line of radiant orange lying along that wooded ridge—

He walked slowly up the winding path to his study. On one side were the familiar woods sloping down to the glen; on the other, the fields, the lot where the potatoes had been, now cut into gulleys here and there by the spring rains. The ponds still half frozen, the great hickory with the platform where the children played in summer, the dark slope beyond, with Cy Henderson's ramshackle house and tumbledown barns, a shapeless mass in the faint light—everything had been familiar and commonplace yesterday, and in an hour or less it would all be familiar and commonplace again. But for the moment it was magical.

He stood still, breathing deeply. He had always retained a childish eagerness, some day, somewhere, to make his way into untrodden valleys and over remote and unexplored mountain passes; to find and salvage and search through some treasure galleon off the coast of Cuba, or suddenly to come upon some half-buried city rising in terraces on the side of some forgotten Peruvian peak. The dawn light on the familiar fields and trees and buildings now gave him a touch of that thrill which he thought only the sight of those Eldorados of his imagination would be able to evoke.

The deep orange of the east flowered slowly into dusky rose, and over it, higher and higher, like a white bee, the morning star quivered. A bird twittered in the great hickory, then another. From a distance came faintly the gurgle of running water. The world was a glory of lavender and mauve and purple and smoky gray, in silent reverence receiving the benediction of the sun.

A low March wind rose and blew cold about the Happy Eremit, but he did not stir. He watched the dawn open its petals wide, and, turning, he watched his trees, as it were, shake off the night and stand revealed once more in their naked grace.

No hidden valley, no sunken galleon, no buried city, could ever hold so deep a magic.

"We are encompassed by beauty," murmured the Happy Eremit. "It is the medicine of God for aching hearts and overstrained spirits. It is the multitude of fiery chariots."

He turned to enter the little house that was his study. The copper disc was rising over the dark ridge.

"It must have been in the original scheme of things," he mused, "that man should get up at dawn; and things are muddled in the world, and there is starvation and defeat, because man sleeps late, and so misses the Lord of Hosts when he goes about distributing rations and arms."

He entered the study. The glow of the sunrise was bright on the walls and the peaked ceiling.

"Early in the morning," he whispered, "Lord, open our eyes."

CANADA AND THE FOOD PROBLEM

BY H. L. PANGBORN

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, said in a recent address: "I believe it is no exaggeration to say that we are confronted with the danger of starvation in the next twelve months."

The basic fact of the world's food situation is that in the face of an increasing demand there is likely to be an actual decrease of production of the chief staples—grains and meat animals. The most optimistic expert looks for no more than normal crops in the world total, at best. And there is no available reserve. Instead there is an indisputable present shortage.

There is a fundamental reason for the coming shortage—lack of farm labor. Other difficulties could be met, but no adequate solution has yet been offered for the labor problem.

California and the whole Pacific coast to British Columbia report decreased acreage, due to lack of labor. From all the great grain belt, especially Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa, come complaints of labor shortage. Some localities are better off than others, but the evidence is overwhelming that from the Mexican border to the far north of Canada there is not enough farm labor to meet present demands, to say nothing of increased acreage.

"It is hard," said the Vancouver "Sun," editorially, "for the people of this country to grasp the fact that there is actual danger of a world shortage of food. . . . Nevertheless that is exactly what is liable to happen unless the greatest care is taken to ward it off."

Canada is in better position than the United States to meet the crisis because of the greater availability of its enormous unused acreage, its somewhat better labor situation, its efficient coalition Government, and, above all, because of the spirit of effective co-operation that dominates, in spite of minor discords. The Dominion and the various provincial governments, the bankers and the powerful farmers' associations, such as the Grain-Growers of the Northwest, are striving to attack this huge problem in a practical way.

The most striking thing in their attitude is the widespread feeling that it is necessary to "get together," to sink all partisan divergence of opinion, leaving minor matters for later settlement. This is reflected throughout the Canadian press and in the public utterances of leading men of all shades of opinion. There is hardly a discordant note, even from Quebec, as to the chief point. All the provincial governments, as well as that of the Dominion, are not only planning but doing things to forward the movement for greater crops in spite of all difficulties. Railway control and management are being centralized and harmonized to at least as great an extent as in this country. There is, in fact, nothing that the United States has done that Canada has not also done, and they have added and are adding many measures not yet considered here. The banking centers are extending all possible facilities to farmers for the increase of herds and flocks as well as for the planting of greater acreage.

It is planned to make each province as nearly self-supporting as possible. Quebec, for instance, normally consumes about 12,000,000 bushels of wheat, but grows only about 4,000,000. The Government has set aside for distribution in Quebec 400,000 bushels of wheat for additional seeding, in the hope of enabling that province to take care of itself. And Quebec probably has nearly enough farm labor. Similar movements are on foot in the Maritime Provinces to encourage them to grow as much as possible of other foods that can be used in place of wheat and bacon. The same is true of British Columbia.

Governmental control is being applied to providing an abundance of fish, especially for Ontario, at nearly cost price, and is already partially effective. Canada has a license system, and is using all the voluntary restrictions of diet in effect here. To cite one instance of constructive effort, the Dominion Government has encouraged the formation of small farmers' co-operative associations, especially in Ontario, to handle mill feeds in car-load lots in order to raise more hogs. The farmers have responded and very many such associations have been formed. The

Dominion Government has bought one thousand tractors from the Ford Company and is selling them to farmers at cost; and the banks stand ready to give the farmer financial aid where it is needed.

The attitude of the Food Control is summed up in a recent pronouncement of the Hon. W. J. Hanna that "the time may not be far distant when the choice of the consumer will be between what's left and going without."

But the great constructive development is in the western provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. That is the field of operations which promises to be of world-wide importance. The potential growth of this section is so vast that figures become meaningless. It is literally true that it could easily grow grain enough to feed the whole world if it were developed and manned.

Both Saskatchewan and Alberta are really farm empires. They are already equipped with a remarkable network of railways, in addition to thousands of miles of waterways. The Saskatchewan River is navigated for about eight hundred miles. The climate is not severe, and the soil is of known fertility. Without going into remote corners there are more than 20,000,000 acres of the finest wheat land ready for immediate development.

The people of these provinces are awakening to the immensity of the world's demand upon them, and are increasingly alive also to the great opportunity offered. It is here, too, that the most successful experiments in co-operation on a large scale have been carried out, and are now growing daily with amazing rapidity. The United Farmers of Alberta and the Farm Women of Alberta claim a membership of about 16,500, most of it acquired within the past two years. The United Grain Growers', Limited, and similar organizations, which began a few years ago as small local co-operative farmers' associations, now practically control the whole wheat crop of the northwest. They own or control more than three thousand grain elevators, large and small. Exact figures are not at hand, but their total handling of grain last year must have amounted to fully \$300,000,000, possibly much more.

Western Canada now has 43 members in the House of Commons, as against 27 in the last Parliament, but even more significant is the fact that the organized farmers are represented.

Their programme, in general, calls for governmental constructive activity upon a scale hitherto unknown. It is the more remarkable in that it is not visionary, but obviously possible—radicalism tempered by sanity and wide practical experience. They are fortunate in having a new country to deal with and a population practically homogeneous, as the few intruded elements, like the Doukhobors, Mennonites, and Mormons, do not bulk large enough to have more than local effect.

A striking illustration is found in the proposal as to the immediate food problem made by the Hon. George Langley, of Saskatchewan, for an increased production of wheat. It is being discussed as practical, although it contemplates breaking a million acres of new land for wheat next summer, calls for the conscription of an agricultural army of twenty thousand men, Government purchase of more than three thousand tractors with the needed subsidiary equipment, and the immediate expenditure of at least \$15,000,000.

Mr. Langley proposes to "conscript" his million acres of new land either from areas belonging to the Government or the Canadian Pacific Railroad, or from private owners—wherever it is handy; to buy seed, equip the tracts with gasoline or steam tractors, plows, etc., and man them with twenty thousand experienced men, of whom about one-fifth must be skilled in the use of farm machinery and able to run gasoline engines. These most important men he plans to take from the employees of the grain elevators, from implement makers' agents, and from chauffeurs of pleasure cars and others above military draft age who can drive a gasoline engine. He claims that there are over three thousand elevators, from each of which one man could be drawn without interfering with their later work. It is probable that

these provinces could get the needed labor by this method. The money must be furnished by the Government.

He also sees the need of a centralized, half-military control, with a single executive head, and even went so far as to suggest either the Hon. J. A. Calder or the Hon. C. A. Dunning as a suitable man to command this army. Incidental minor suggestions are the removal of duty on American-made machinery and elimination of middlemen's profit. Finally, he proposes that when the war is over this land be made available for soldier settlement. Legislation to put this plan or some modification of it into effect is being prepared.

The Regina "Post" in further comment said: "No one need feel alarmed by the fact that Mr. Langley's plan calls for doing a big thing in a big way. This is a big country, and it is beginning to realize its bigness. . . . Organized effort to augment the work of individual farmers in the most effective way is essential."

That is the keynote—organized effort. And these people have proved that they can co-operate effectively.

In Alberta discussion reaches even further, comprehending not only agriculture on a colossal scale, but also development of mines, fishery, power, lumber, and even eventually manufacture. The "Morning Albertan," of Calgary, in a thoughtful consideration of the future, particularly after the war and

in relation to the returning soldiers' needs, finds the solution only in a "well-organized and vigorous campaign for the development of the latent resources of the province" by the province itself. It finds two subdivisions—finance and organization. The first it proposes to solve by creating a state bank, for the flotation of bonds and the carrying out of "various farm loan schemes already adopted into legislation."

The "organization" would control and develop and operate all "power; lumber; raw foods, such as grain and fish; coal and other minerals, such as copper, lead, zinc, silver, iron, and asphalt." It is argued that in so doing the Government would not be "interfering with or disturbing private enterprises to such an extent as to cause disorganization," and that it would "solve the problem of employment with a minimum of waste and injustice."

Because such an assertion could hardly be made as to the unused areas of the United States—said to be 400,000,000 acres—it by no means follows that Alberta cannot do it.

The ideal set up is that of a state "revealed as an association of all its citizens in partnership for mutual well-being." Whether it is Utopian or not experience alone can tell, but there is much in the recent history of the Canadian northwest to indicate that if such an ideal can be transmuted into reality anywhere these provinces can do it.

THE NAVAL RESERVE

A STORY OF ENTHUSIASM

BY FRANK HUNTER POTTER

A JACKY came up to an officer of the Naval Reserve one day, touched his cap, and asked if he might have leave to go home to see his sick baby.

"You're married?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir; wife and two children."

"How do you come to be in the Navy with such responsibilities as those?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. My father fought in the war of the Rebellion. I have two younger brothers who are not married and have no responsibilities at all, but they have developed a yellow streak and will not enlist, so I had to come in to save the honor of the family, and my wife approves what I have done."

That is the spirit of the Naval Reserve.

Some two years ago a body known as the Naval Training Association was organized by certain far-sighted Naval Militiamen, retired naval officers, and others to supplement the work of the Naval Militia and provide men more or less trained for the use of the Navy when the country should get into the war which was inevitable. This organization was taken over and enlarged by the Government last winter, renamed the Naval Reserve, and now consists of several categories of men. The first of these comprises former officers and men of the Navy who enlist for service with the fleet. In the second the men enlist to serve in any capacity on naval vessels which are not of the fleet, such as submarine-chasers, transports, converted yachts, etc. The third enlist for service on auxiliaries, such as colliers, etc. The fourth consists of a coast patrol, and the men serve on submarine-chasers, scout patrol-boats, and such like, but are not to go outside of territorial waters, nor can they be made to serve outside the section in which they enlist except with their own consent. It was the hope of serving against submarines, which were thought probable visitors to our shores after the experience at Newport the previous summer with the German U-boat, that brought such numbers of college men and boys from high and private schools. These four form the main sections of the Reserve, and there are two more which are in a sense auxiliary—the hydro-airplane service and that at the Naval Prison at Portsmouth.

When it became clear in the winter of 1916 that war was certain, there was a great rush to enlist in the N. R. There was no limit to the ages at which men wanted to serve. At the original volunteer school at Columbia there was one graduate over seventy

and undergraduates under sixteen. The oldest were often the most eager to serve; the age limit is from nineteen to fifty-eight, and it is whispered that more men over the latter have prevaricated about their ages in order to get in than have boys under nineteen. Yet here, as in France and in England, the very young have wanted to be in it too. Witness the case of the boy of sixteen who forged his father's consent to his enlisting. By the time the irate parent discovered where his son had gone the boy was on a mine-sweeper in the North Sea, so the father gave a bona-fide consent this time.

Many former Naval Militia officers volunteered their services, and in the unit at Columbia University, which numbered only three hundred and fifty men and was employed in training would-be officers and warrant officers, there were four men who had served as officers on the same ship in the Spanish War, the Yankee—a lieutenant, the chief engineer, the boatswain's mate, and the master-at-arms, the last no less a person than a professor of engineering at Columbia.

With all this rush of men to enlist there was nothing ready for them—no barracks, no boats, no airplanes, or almost none. One group of twenty-eight men encamped on the end of a dock at Bridgeport in a deserted coal-shed, and the sentry stood guard with a broomstick. At New Haven the men raised some eight thousand dollars to equip themselves, and were better off than most of their compeers in that they secured the Yale boathouse as a barracks and drill hall, but the Government could do nothing for them. The same story was true all along the line. At Newport the men were scattered all over the town, in such lodgings as they were able to pay for. At other stations they were in all sorts of places—armories, Y. M. C. A. buildings, tents, sheds, anything. At Bayshore the aviation section, over one hundred strong, had only one plane to learn with for the first month and over, which gave each man a chance to go up once in ten days or so; therefore to keep them busy they were put to building roads, and very good roads they made. At New London they were set to making nets with which to close our harbors at night—most useful work, but hardly that for which they had enlisted. Everywhere there was a shortage of boats, submarine-chasers, guns, small arms; the war had caught us utterly unprepared. It was no fault of the War and Navy Departments. They had begged for these things, but Congress had seen no reason for providing them.

It was the splendid constancy of the Reserve in these trying

circumstances that makes its history truly a story of enthusiasm. What their hands found to do they did with their might. They drilled, they learned their job as well as they could, with never a sign of discouragement, though thousands of those who had enlisted had not even been called to the colors for lack of a place to put them. But those who did serve got their reward. Some of us who remember certain boys when they went to camp, and who saw them two or three months later, were amazed at the change in them. They had been made over physically and mentally. Boys who had been pale, anæmic, stooping, shrinking, came home on leave strapping, upstanding chaps with clear eye and fine color, with self-reliance and dependableness showing in every word and gesture. If the fathers and mothers of this country who didn't raise their sons to be soldiers or sailors could see what a few months had done for the boys of the Naval Reserve, it is inconceivable that they should not clamor for the same thing for their own sons. The cause of universal service would be won on this showing alone.

It has been said that the camps of the selective service are melting-pots where the young soldiers are transmuted into Americans—than which there could be nothing more useful. But with the N. R. there was no need for this process. The men were one hundred per cent Americans when they enlisted, and they were in deadly earnest. They were of every sort, and the immediate causes for their enlistment were sometimes out of the common. There was, for instance, the captain of a Standard Oil tanker whose ship was sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean. He was mad all the way through, and hurried home to enlist as a common sailor in the N. R. The recruiting officer said: "Why don't you go and get another ship? Such men as you are needed; besides, you will get big money, and your life will be insured."

"To h—— with the big money!" replied the still raging skipper. "What I want is to get a crack at those d——d baby-killers." And he persisted in enlisting.

Then there was the retired navy boatswain. When he came to enlist, the officer asked him also why he came.

"Well, sir, you see, the people in my town don't understand about this war, and I had to enlist to set them an example."

If the older men show patriotism, the devotion of the younger ones is no less splendid, and sometimes very touching. There is young B——, whose father is at the head of perhaps the largest bookstore in New York City. Some one heard that the boy had enlisted as a stoker, and asked his father about it. "Yes," said the elder B——; "you see, his eyes are not very good, and he was afraid he would not be able to serve his country at all, so he took this job, where eyes are not needed." To serve in the bottom of a ship, with no chance to fight back—except by keeping the ship moving; with none to see what is going on, and with every chance of being drowned like a rat if the ship goes down, is one of the finest jobs in the service, and such men as young B—— "deserve to have a poem written about them," as one appreciative admirer said.

The matter of this boy brings up another stoker story. Soon after our first ships reached the other side three especially grimy young stokers appeared at one of the smartest hotels in Paris and asked for rooms. That particular house was not in the habit of entertaining guests of that quality, but the manager thought it would never do to turn away the first representatives of their new allies who had come to his door, so he took them in. After they had cleaned up a little, but were still grimy, they ordered the best possible dinner, which one of them paid for with a 1,000-franc note. The manager became interested, asked a question or two, and the whole story came out. One of them had hastened to enlist at the beginning of the war, and something like the following conversation ensued:

"What can you do?" asked the recruiting officer.

"Don't know, sir."

"Ever been to sea?"

"Yes, sir. Made several trips to Europe as a passenger."

"Know how to row?"

"Yes, sir, in a shell. College crew."

"No other experience?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you look like a good, husky chap. I'll enlist you as a stoker. We need 'em."

The boy took kindly to his job, and made friends with his fellows, two in particular. "When we get to France," he said to them, "if we can get leave together, we'll go up to Paris, and I'll show you the town." When he got to Paris, he went to his bankers and made himself known, got what money he needed—he had a large letter of credit, for his father was a multi-millionaire—and proceeded to the hotel aforesaid.

The rush of college and school boys to the N. R. brought in a great number of such fellows as this. Many of them enlisted at Newport, because their friends spent the summer there. It was a standing joke in the early days before the Government had provided quarters for them, and they were living all over the town, that many of them drove down to the boats in the morning in their own cars, and their chauffeurs drove down for them in the afternoon. Over at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, one day an officer was starting for Pelham Bay when his chauffeur cut his hand badly, and announced that he could not drive. "Can any of you men drive a Ford?" asked the officer, turning to a group of N. R. men standing near. "I can, sir," said one of them, touching his cap. "But have you far to go?" "Pelham Bay." "If you don't mind waiting a few minutes, sir, I'll get my own car, and we'll make better time." He disappeared through the Navy-Yard gate, and in a few minutes reappeared with a Rolls-Royce.

One N. R. jacky subscribed for \$90,000 of Liberty bonds, and a group subscribed for \$76,000. But the N. R. is no rich man's club.

Wealth is purely an incident, and gives men no especial value, except that it sometimes implies self-sacrifice and generally implies education. But there is often far greater self-sacrifice on the part of the man who gives up a job in a machine shop—certainly there is great unselfishness on the part of the mother whom he may be helping to support—and many of the best-educated men have no wealth but their salaries, yet prove among the most valuable men in the service. Two instructors at Columbia, one a Harvard, the other a Yale graduate, enlisted as ship's cooks because, although both were deep-water yachtsmen, they modestly doubted whether they were qualified for anything better. It is needless to say that something better was found for them to do, and they are now instructors at Pelham Bay, helping to turn out the officers whom the Navy so greatly needs. Another man who enlisted as a ship's cook is a well-known sculptor who thought himself too old for anything else. He, too, has a better job, but he earned it by good work, and he is prouder of the whistle which he carries as boatswain's mate, and which is the outward and visible sign of his promotion, than ever he was of a prize at the Beaux-Arts in Paris. Meanwhile the fact that so many rich men's sons are in the N. R. results in one fact—it is the best possible school for learning democracy. When the boy from Groton, the clerk from Wanamaker's, the apprentice from a machine shop, and the hand from a Rhode Island cotton-mill have pulled an oar in the same boat, have played on the same ball team, have served on the same submarine-chaser in the North Sea, there is apt to be a clearer comprehension of each other's point of view, a more lively realization of the fact that "a man's a man for a' that."

Everybody is equal, and as promotion comes to the boy who makes good, utterly and entirely regardless of money and "pull," the man who is really a man comes to the front even before he gets on active service. Which brings us to what is the most interesting and perhaps the most important part of the work of the N. R.

There is no naval Plattsburg, and the Reserve has to take its place as well as it can, though it is sorely hampered by being obliged to work informally and, in a sense, unrecognized by the authorities. The same sort of work is going on at all the stations; perhaps the best idea of it can be given by telling what is done at Pelham Bay, which is the model camp of the whole service.

The site at Pelham was selected with the utmost care from several which were offered by the city of New York. It is in a public park, with water on three sides, offering perfect facilities for boat practice, and it was planned and built with the most careful concern for the comfort and welfare of the men. The buildings (of wood, of course) are skillfully designed for their purpose; there is a central heating plant, so that the danger of

fire is negligible, and there is now an adequate supply of rowing and sailing cutters, barges, whaleboats, launches, and two training vessels. On top of the long Executive Building there is a "bridge," with semaphores and all the paraphernalia for signaling, where the men learn that important branch of duty, and can practice it on the fleets of boats in the bay below and to bridges on other buildings. The food, which is excellent, is served on the "cafeteria" plan, and the bill of fare is scientific in food values and very varied. There is a Y. M. C. A. hut, of course, and a hostess committee, formed of ladies who receive and entertain the men. Nothing seems to have been neglected.

The most important thing about the camp is, of course, the men's health. So admirable have been the hygienic conditions at Pelham that at hardly any time has the percentage of sick amounted to one-quarter of one per cent. With seven or eight thousand men in the camp or passing through it, in spite of the severest winter on record, and in spite of the fact that it is necessary to put the men through a drastically hardening process so that they may be able to stand the exposure of service in the North Sea and even worse places, there have been only about a dozen cases of pneumonia, and not a single death from that disease. The only case where a man died of it was when a Reservist caught it and died while on leave. Has any other camp such a record?

So great has been the all-round success of the camp that the Secretary of the Navy has ordered it to be increased by adding accommodations for ten thousand additional men. That speaks for itself.

When the recruit joins, he is taken to the Probation Camp, where he is stripped, washed, inoculated against typhoid, etc., has his teeth looked after if necessary, and is clad in a Government uniform. Then he is marched into a barbed-wire inclosure, where he must remain till he has passed the period when he could possibly develop a contagious disease. But he must pass something else—the microscopic scrutiny of his officers. If he is lazy or indifferent or too stupid, out he goes; they will have none of him. The Reserve is too busy training men who are at least embryo seamen, and preferably petty, warrant, or commissioned officers, to turn itself into a reform school or an institution for the feeble-minded. This fact is impressed on the men once a week in the talk which the commanding officer gives them on their duties and opportunities, and it is on these latter that he lays stress, publicly and privately. Every recruit carries a possible ensign's commission in his ditty-bag, and he is thoroughly encouraged to bring it out. The hawk eyes of his officers will quickly find him out if he shows a desire to develop. First he will be given a petty officer's rating to see how he handles men. If he makes good, he is encouraged to study for a warrant. This gained, if he still is a success, he is helped to study for an ensign's commission, and the Navy Department sends up a board, headed by a rear-admiral, to examine him. The school which was at Columbia University has moved out to the camp, and turns out ensigns in two branches, deck officers and radio. The only complaint of the gentlemen who do this work is that the Navy is in such need of trained men that it carries off their pupils before they have time to educate them properly.

In the Probation Camp the men get their first instruction in cleanliness (that most important feature), in obeying orders promptly and without question, in saluting, in the customs of the service and in nautical phraseology, and in infantry drill; for Jack must be soldier and sailor both when need be. And as one walks through this section of the camp one is struck by the efforts which are made to give the enlisted man some rudimentary knowledge of how to do his duty aboard ship long before he ever gets there. There is instruction in knotting and splicing ropes, there is a platform from which a man is taught to cast hand-lines and on which there are cleats for him to fasten cables to, and on top of one of the dormitories there are platforms from which he is taught how to heave the lead, both right and left handed. It reminds one of the remark of a witty woman when she heard that a friend had been appointed "ground officer" in the Aviation Corps. "Well," she said, "I suppose the next thing we hear of will be dehydrated admirals."

When a man has made good in the three weeks' course in the Probation Camp, he comes into the main camp and goes on with his training as an infantryman and artilleryman (they have a

number of guns of different sorts), is taught to row and manage motor craft, and learns all the forms of signaling—to be, in short, as good a seaman as he can be made without going to sea.

The whole camp is seething with enthusiasm. The other day I happened to look out of a window in the executive building and saw a Jacky walking across the parade ground waving his arms like a windmill. St. Vitus's dance? Not at all; he was simply practicing his semaphore signals on his way to the "bridge." It recalled a story which General Bell tells of Yaphank. One of his staff was stopped late at night by the order "Halt! Who goes there?" After the proper exchange of question and answer the staff officer was dismissed with the cheerful remark out of the dark: "That's all right; don't mind me. I'm only practicing."

This enthusiasm on the part of both officers and men produces a fine crop of ensigns (to say nothing of petty officers and seamen), though by no means as many as the service needs. Consequently, for any ambitious young man who wishes to obtain a commission in the navy there is no better or quicker way than to join the N. R. and work like fury. There is plenty of room at the top, where he will be welcomed with open arms and will be working amid congenial surroundings, in personal comfort, and under the eye of intelligent and sympathetic officers.

As to these officers, who have in many cases given up lucrative positions, sometimes at the head of big business concerns or important departments in colleges, or what not, it is impossible to speak of them with too much respect or admiration, though they would be the last to claim either. They are too busy with their jobs to think of anything else, but they will have their reward in the regard of their fellows, if nowhere else.

There is another branch of the N. R. the importance of which cannot be overestimated—the hydro-airplane service, which has its station at Bayshore. As the mastery of the air seems likely to settle the fate of war on the land, so the hydro-airplane will have an important influence in controlling the submarine menace, and so reducing the danger to convoys as well as in many other directions. There are over two hundred young men in training at Bayshore, and many of them are ready for service. Some of them, indeed, are already actively employed "somewhere on the great deep," and no branch of the N. R. will have greater opportunities for usefulness, a better chance for distinction, or be more often heard of in the future.

There is one more institution affiliated with the N. R. which deserves a word of mention—the Naval Prison at Portsmouth Navy-Yard. Last spring Secretary Daniels asked Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, who did so much to make Sing Sing a place fit for human beings instead of wild beasts, to take charge of the Portsmouth prison. When Mr. Osborne consented, he and his assistants received commissions in the Naval Reserve, which thus became a sort of foster mother to the prison. Military—or naval—law in case of war is necessarily very severe. How much it needs such mitigation as it can get in its administration from a man like Commander Osborne (to give him his new title) can be guessed from the following incident.

A fourteen-year old boy who had enlisted in the Navy had been granted leave of absence from, let us say, June 28 to July 5. As he left the navy-yard where he was stationed he overheard some one say, "The ship does not sail till August 5." He connected this in some way in his not over-clear mind with his own leave, and assumed that he need not come back till August 5. Consequently he remained quietly at home on his father's farm without the slightest idea that he was doing wrong till he was arrested and brought back as a deserter. Technically that is what he was, and the court martial gave him three years in the Portsmouth prison; but when such Draconian sentences as this have to be inflicted it is perfectly clear that all the humanizing influences at Commander Osborne's command are urgently needed.

Happily, with all the hard side of life in the service of our country—and there is plenty of it, beyond question—it has also its comic relief, oftenest, in such a body as the N. R., arising from ignorance. There was the case of the young commander of a "chaser" who mistook a floating mine for a buoy, and started to make his ship fast to it till he was warned off by the frantic shrieks of every siren within sight and sound. Not less naïve was the young Reservist who wanted a quiet place to smoke

a cigarette, and sought the seclusion of—the magazine! But perhaps the prettiest example of simplicity was that of a Negro who was waiting at a hotel on an officer of the Reserve. The latter was tired after a hard day's work, and thought he would like a cocktail, which he ordered. Then he bethought himself of the breach of discipline involved in serving a drink to a man in uniform. Pretty soon the darky returned with the cocktail neatly "dolloped up" in a cup surrounded by cracked ice, as orange juice is served. The officer looked sternly at the darky and asked him if he did not know better than to serve a drink to an officer in uniform. "Is you an officer, sah?" said the darky, innocence oozing from every pore of his face. "Fo' de Lawd, I thought you was one of dem Sousa's Band."

The Reserve has its touch of grim romance, too. Some time ago there was an engaging young ensign in command of a submarine-chaser. His superior officer commented on his familiarity with the waters about New York Harbor. "How do you come to know them so well?"

"I owned my own yacht, sir, and cruised all about here. I know the North Sea and the waters about Sweden and Norway nearly as well, too."

Clearly a desirable member of the force. Unfortunately, not long afterwards there was a descent of Secret Service men, and the engaging young ensign was arrested as a German spy, who presumably had enlisted in the hope of being transferred to the Intelligence Department. Where is he now? Has he faced a firing squad? Is he in a Federal prison? None of his former friends know, and the Government doesn't tell.

Then there is the pluck of these boys. One of them, scarcely nineteen, was asked last spring what his job was.

"I'm gun-pointer on a submarine-chaser at Newport, sir."

"Are you a good shot?"

"Fairly, sir. I got a marksman's rating at Plattsburg last summer, and I think I would have got an expert's if it hadn't been for my shoulder."

"What was the matter with your shoulder?"

"I was skylarking on a train coming down from school (he was a fifth-form boy in a New England school) and got thrown through a glass door. I cut my right shoulder so they had to take six stitches in it, and when I came to shoot at Plattsburg the recoil from the first shot broke out all the stitches. If it had not been for that, I think I might have made a better record."

A service rifle has a very vigorous kick. Think what it meant to that boy to hold it for forty-five shots against an open wound like that and get the second-best rating possible!

Last summer this same boy was assisting in the installation of some machinery. A piece weighing some five hundred pounds slipped from its fastenings, and, had it fallen, would have crushed a young seaman beneath it. The boy managed to catch and hold it till it was hurriedly blocked up, so saving the life of his shipmate; but the physical strain was so great that when it was over the boy fainted from exhaustion.

Again, last December he went overboard in icy water with a pair of nippers in his teeth and cut the wires of a wrecked hydro-airplane in which the aviator had become entangled, saving the latter's life. Yet all these things were done simply as matters of course in the ordinary performance of duty.

And the Naval Reserve is full of just such boys. Aren't you proud of them?

SOLDIERS OF LAW AND ORDER

SOME ADVENTURES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE

I—JOHN G.

BY KATHERINE MAYO

AUTHOR OF "JUSTICE TO ALL," THE STANDARD AUTHORITY ON STATE POLICE

IT was nine o'clock of a wild night in December. For forty-eight hours it had been raining, raining, raining, after a heavy fall of snow. Still the torrents descended, lashed by a screaming wind, and the song of rushing water mingled with the cry of the gale. Each steep street of the hill town of Greensburg lay inches deep under a tearing flood. The cold was as great as cold may be while rain is falling. A night to give thanks for shelter overhead and to hug the hearth with gratitude.

First Sergeant Price, at his desk in the barracks office, was honorably grinding law. Most honorably because when he had gone to take the book from its shelf in the day-room, "Barrack Room Ballads" had smiled down upon him with a heart-aching echo of the soft, familiar East; so that of a sudden he had fairly smelt the sweet, strange heathen smell of the temples in Tientsin, had seen the flash of a parrot's wing in the bolo-toothed Philippine jungle. And the sight and the smell on a night like this were enough to make any man lonely. Therefore it was with honor indeed that, instead of dreaming off into the radiant past through the well-thumbed book of magic, he was digging between dull sheepskin covers after that entrance to the bar on which his will was fixed.

Now a man who, being a member of the Pennsylvania State Police, aspires to qualify for admission to the bar, has his work cut out for him. The calls of his regular duty, endless in number and kind, leave him no certain leisure, and few and broken are the hours that he gets for books.

"Confound the Latin!" grumbled the sergeant, grabbing his head in his two hands. "Well, anyway, here's my night for it. Even the crooks will lie snug in weather like this," and he took a fresh hold on the posser.

Suddenly "buzz" went the bell beside him. Before its voice ceased he stood at salute in the door of the captain's office.

"Sergeant," said Captain Adams, with a half turn of his desk chair, "how soon can you take the field?"

"Five minutes, sir."

"There's trouble over in the foundry town. The local authorities have jailed some I. W. W. plotters. They state that the I. W. W. organization threatens a jail delivery, that the sheriff can't control it, and that they believe the mob will run amuck and shoot up the town. Take a few men, go over and attend to it."

"Very well, sir."

In the time that goes to saddling a horse the detail rode into the storm, First Sergeant Price, on John G., leading.

John G. had belonged to the force exactly as long as had the First Sergeant himself, which was from the dawn of its existence. And John G. is a gentleman and a soldier, every inch of him. Horse-show judges have affixed their seal to the self-evident fact by the sign of the blue ribbon, but the best proof lies in the personal knowledge of A Troop, soundly built on twelve years brotherhood. John G., on that diluvian night, was twenty-two years old, and still every whit as clean-limbed, alert, and plucky as his salad days had seen him.

Men and horses dived into the gale as swimmers dive into a breaker. It beat their eyes shut, with wind and driven water, and as they slid down the sharp-pitched city streets the flood banked up against each planted hoof till it split in folds above the fetlock.

Down in the country beyond, mud, slush, and water clogged with chunks of frost-stricken clay made worse and still worse going. And so they pushed on through blackest turmoil

toward the river road that should be their highway to Logan's Ferry.

They reached that road at last, only to find it as lost as Atlantis, under twenty feet of water! The Alleghany had overflowed her banks, and now there remained no way across short of following the stream up to Pittsburgh and so around, a detour of many miles, long and evil.

"And that," said First Sergeant Price, "means getting to the party about four hours late. Baby-talk and nonsense! By that time they might have burned the place and killed all the people in it. Let's see, now. There's a railway bridge close along here somewhere."

They scouted till they found the bridge. But, behold! its floor was of cross-ties only—of sleepers to carry the rails, laid with wide breaks between, gaping down into deep, dark space whose bed was the roaring river.

"Nevertheless," said First Sergeant Price, whose spirits ever soar at the foolish onslaughts of trouble—"nevertheless, we're not going to ride twenty miles farther for nothing. There's a railway yard on the other side. This bridge, here, runs straight into it. You two men go over, get a couple of good planks, and find out when the next train is due."

The two troopers whom the sergeant indicated gave their horses to a comrade and started away across the trestle.

For a moment those who stayed behind could distinguish the rays of their pocket flashlights as they picked out their slimy foothold. Then the whirling night engulfed them, light and all.

The sergeant led the remainder of the detail down into the lee of an abutment to avoid the full drive of the storm. A while they stood waiting, huddled together, but the wait was not for long. Presently, like a code signal spelled out on the black overhead, came a series of steadily lengthening flashes—the pocket-light glancing between the sleepers as the returning messengers drew near.

Scrambling up to rail level, the sergeant saw with content that his emissaries bore on their shoulders between them two new pine "two-by-twelves."

"No train's due till five o'clock in the morning," reported the first across.

"Good!" Now lay the planks. In the middle of the track. End to end. So."

The sergeant, dismounting, stood at John G.'s wise old head, stroking his muzzle, whispering into his ear. "Come along, John; it's all right, old man!" he finished with a final caress. Then he led John G. to the first plank. "One of you men walk on each side of him. Now, John!"

Delicately, nervously, John G. set his feet step by step till he had reached the center of the second plank. Then the sergeant talked to him quietly again, while two troopers picked up the board just quitted to lay it in advance. And so, length by length, they made the passage, the horse moving with extremest caution, shivering with full appreciation of the unaccustomed danger, yet steadied by his master's presence and by the friend on either hand.

As they moved the gale wreaked all its fury on them. It was growing colder now, and the rain, changed to sleet, stung their skins with its tiny, sharp-driven blades. The skeleton bridge held them high suspended in the very heart of the storm. Once and again a sudden more violent gust bid fair to sweep them off their feet. Yet, slowly progressing, they made their port unharmed.

Then came the next horse's turn. More than a single mount they dared not lead over at once lest the contagious fears of one, reacting on another, produce panic. The horse that should rear or shy on that wide-meshed footing would be fairly sure to break a leg, at best. So, one by one, they followed over, each reaching the farther side before his successor began the transit. And so at last all stood on the opposite bank, ready to follow John G. once more as he led the way to duty.

"Come along, John, old man. You know how you'd hate to find a lot of dead women and babies because we got there too late to save them! Make a pace, Johnny boy!" The first sergeant was talking gently, leaning over his saddle-bow. But John G. was listening more from politeness than because he needed a lift. His stride was as steady as a clock.

It was three hours after midnight on that bitter black morning as they entered the streets of the town. And the streets were as quiet, as peaceful, as empty of men, as the heart of the high woods.

"Where's their mob?" growled the sergeant.

"Guess its mother's put it to sleep," a cold, wet trooper growled back.

"Well, we *thought* there was going to be trouble," protested the local power, roused from his feather bed. "It really did look like serious trouble, I assure you. And I could not have handled serious trouble with the means at my command. Moreover, there may easily be something yet. So, gentlemen, I am greatly relieved you have come. I can sleep in peace now that you are here. Good-night. Good-night."

All through the remaining hours of darkness the detail patrolled the town. All through the lean, pale hours of dawn it carefully watched its wakening, guarded each danger point. But never a sign of disturbance did the passing time bring forth. At last, with the coming of the business day, the sergeant sought out the principal business men of the place and from them ascertained the truth.

Threats of a jail delivery there had been and a noisy parade as well, but nothing had occurred or promised beyond the power of an active local officer to handle. Such was the statement of one and all.

"I'll just make sure," said the sergeant to himself.

Till two o'clock in the afternoon the detail continued its patrols. The town and its outskirts remained of an exemplary peace. At two o'clock the sergeant reported by telephone to his captain:

"Place perfectly quiet, sir. Nothing seems to have happened beyond the usual demonstration of a sympathizing crowd over an arrest. Unless something more breaks the sheriff should be entirely capable of handling the situation."

"Then report back to barracks at once," said the voice of the captain of A Troop. "There's *real* work waiting here."

The first sergeant, hanging up the receiver, went out and gathered his men. Still the storm was raging. Icy snow, blinding sheets of sharp-fanged smother rode on the racing wind. Worse overhead, worse underfoot, would be hard to meet in years of winters. But once again men and horses, without an interval of rest, struck into the open country. Once again on the skeleton bridge they made the precarious crossing. And so, at a quarter to nine o'clock at night, the detail topped Greensburg's last ice-coated hill and entered the yard of its high-perched barracks.

As the first sergeant slung the saddle off John G.'s smoking back, Corporal Richardson, farrier of the troop, appeared before him wearing a mien of solemn and grieved displeasure.

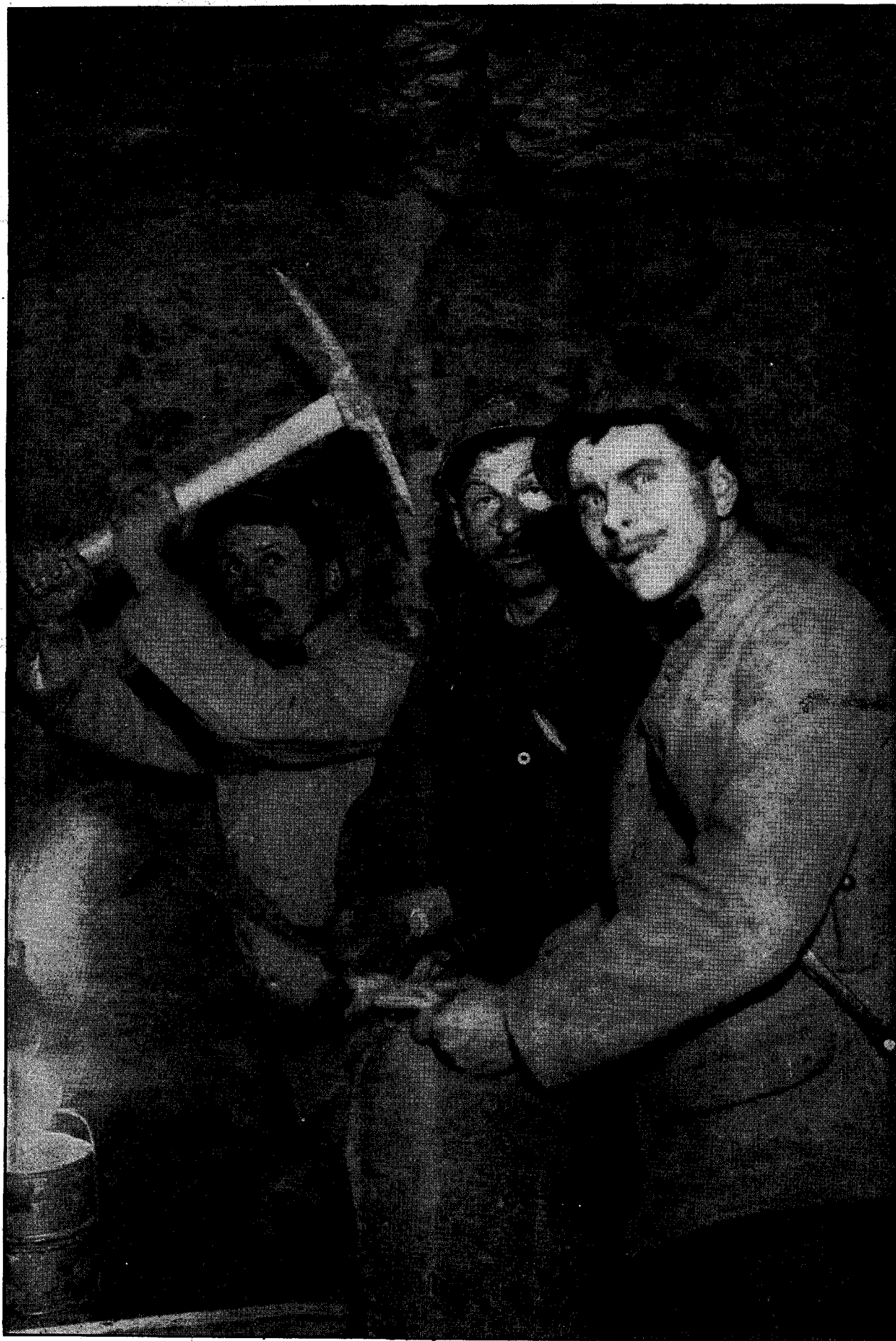
"It's all very well," said he, "all very well, no doubt. But eighty-six miles in twenty-four hours in weather like this is a good deal for any horse. And John G. is twenty-two years old, as perhaps you may remember. *I've brought the medicine.*"

Three solid hours from that very moment the two men worked over John G., and when, at twelve o'clock, they put him up for the night not a wet hair was left on him. As they washed and rubbed and bandaged they talked together, mingling the sergeant's trenchantly humorous common sense with the corporal's mellow philosophy. But mostly it was the corporal that spoke, for twenty-four hours is a fair working day for a sergeant as well as for a troop horse.

"I believe in my soul," said the sergeant, "that if a man rode into this stable with his two arms shot off at the shoulder you'd make him groom his horse with his teeth and his toes for a couple of hours before you'd let him hunt a doctor."

"Well," rejoined Corporal Richardson, in his soft Southern tongue, "and even if that man died of it he'd thank me heartily afterward. You know, when you and I and the rest of the world, each in our turn, come to heaven's gate, there'll be St. Peter before it, with the keys safe in his pocket. And over the shining wall behind—from the inside, mind you—will be poking a great lot of heads, innocent heads with innocent eyes, heads of horses and of all the other animals that on this earth are the friends of man, put at his mercy and helpless. And it's clear to me that before St. Peter unlocks the gate for a single

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A FRENCH MILITARY MINE, TAKEN BY A YOUNG AMERICAN AMBULANCE DRIVER

This flashlight picture was taken by Julien H. Bryan, aged 17, a few months ago, at the front in France. He furnishes to The Outlook this description: "This scene is at the end of a mine tunneled beneath No Man's Land to the front-line German trenches. These three poilus are working only *ten feet* from the Boches. They have gone as far as they can with safety to the work, and are putting on the finishing touches, digging by the aid of a carbide lamp. The conversation and movements of the German soldiers in their trenches can be heard by means of the microphone. When the proper time comes (usually during an attack), the French, having filled up this cavity with three or four tons of high explosives, will blow up the mine and the German trenches. This mine is probably twenty feet underground and two hundred feet from the French trenches." Young Mr. Bryan took the photograph while his kodak rested on a sandbag as he set off the flash. We

hope soon to publish an article describing some of his experiences, with additional pictures



PAUL THOMPSON

WOMEN VOTE FOR CONGRESSMAN IN NEW YORK FOR THE FIRST TIME

The picture shows Mrs. Sally Gold, reputed to be 102 years old, casting her first vote, in a Brooklyn polling booth. See editorial comment on this election



(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

BOZO PASHA ON TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON IN PARIS

This conspirator, whose nefarious work extended over two continents, appears above in the prisoner's dock. He was convicted and sentenced to death, but instituted an appeal



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

JOHN REDMOND, IRISH NATIONALIST LEADER

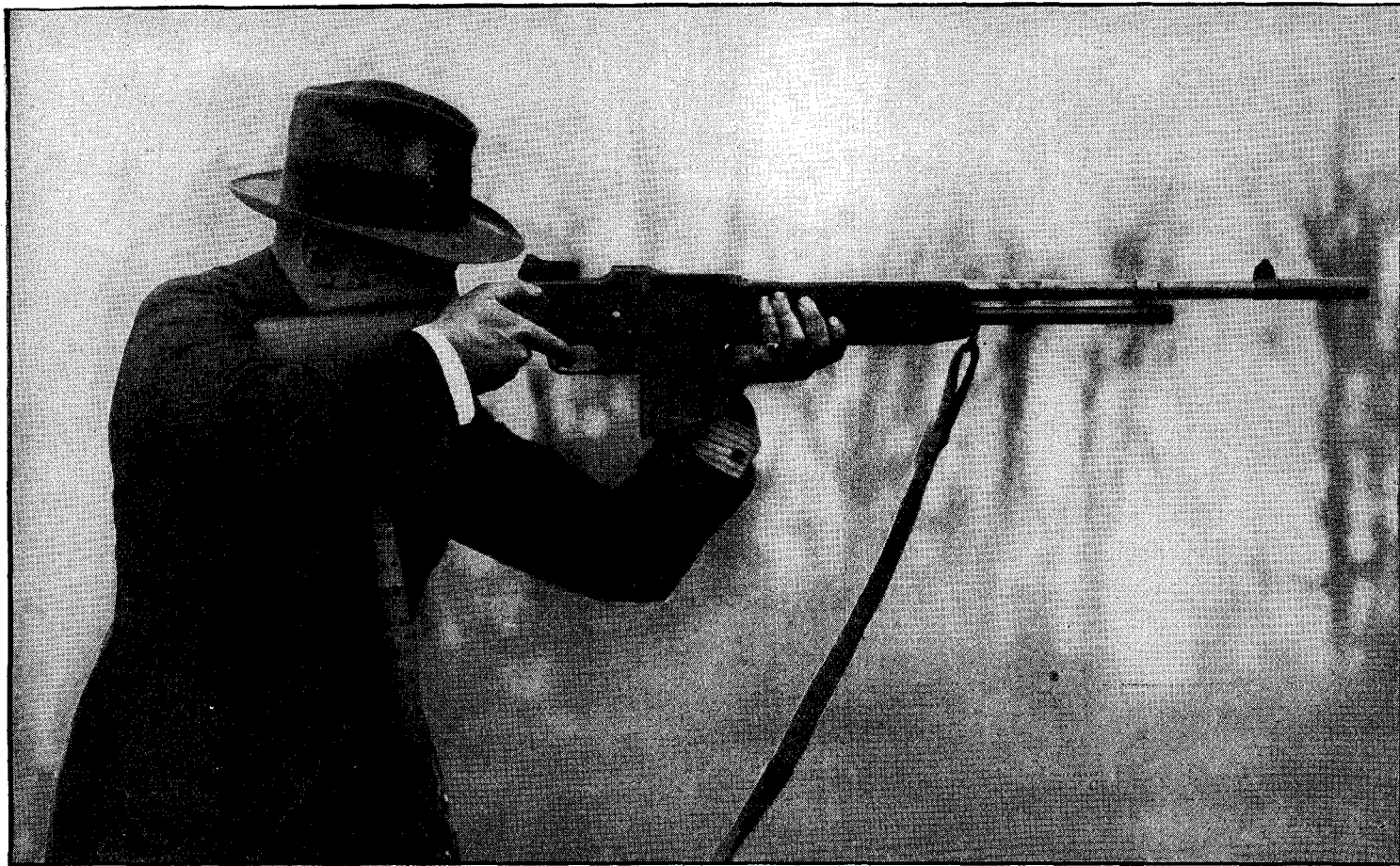
Mr. Redmond's sudden death came at a time when it was hoped that a settlement of the Irish Home Rule question, as a result of the Convention called for that purpose, was imminent. See editorial comment



(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

HONOR FLAG FOR THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

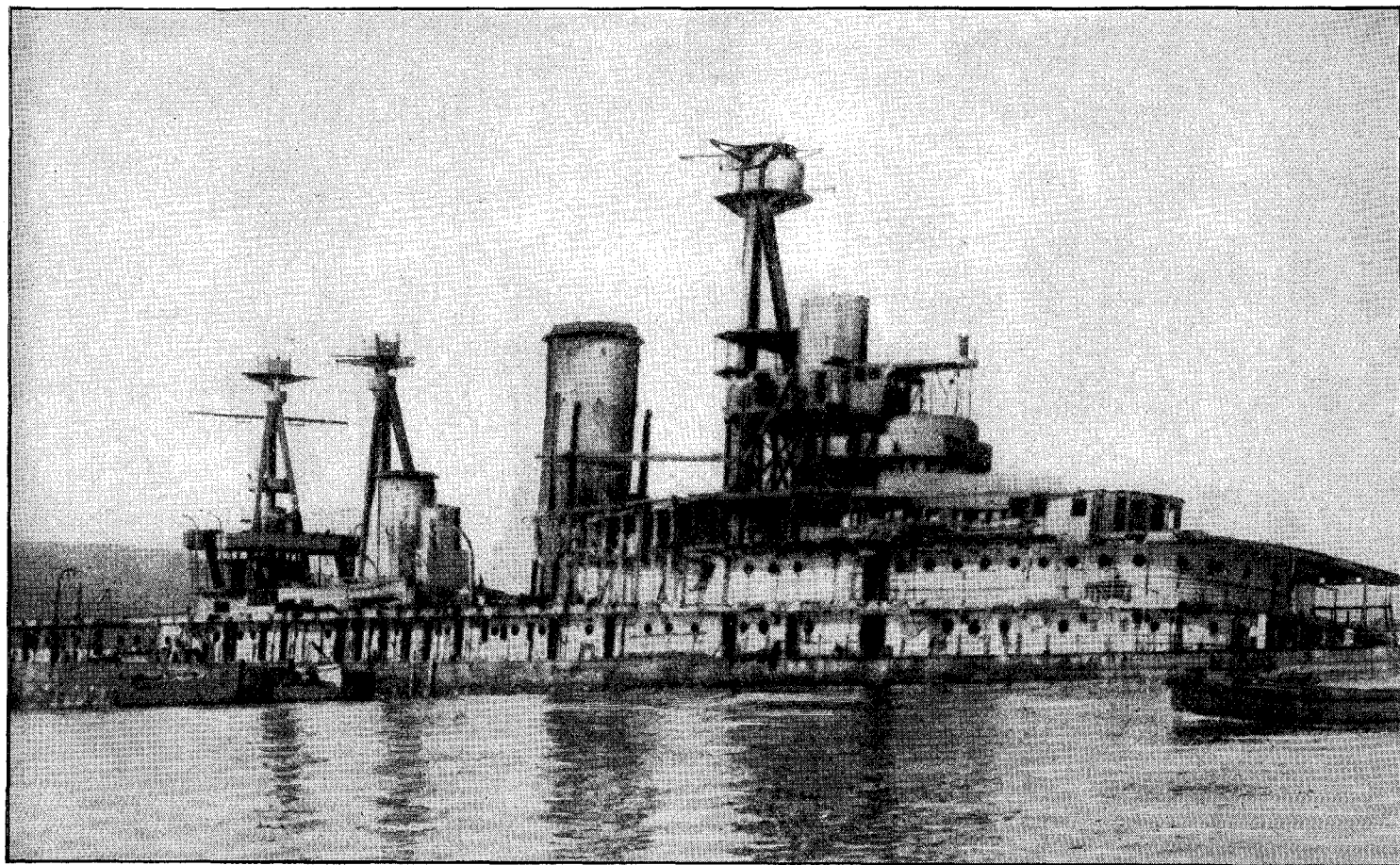
The picture shows Secretary McAdoo exhibiting a flag which it is planned to present to every town and city that oversubscribes the new loan. It will have a red border, white interior field, and three blue stripes



(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

THE NEW BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE

This new weapon, which weighs only fifteen pounds, can be fired, as shown above, from the same position as an ordinary service rifle and is vastly more effective. The photograph shows it in the hands of Senator Wadsworth, of New York, during the recent public tests in Washington



CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

A DUMMY DREADNOUGHT THAT DECEIVED THE GERMANS

Wooden dreadnoughts like the above, lying at anchor near British seaports, and built to duplicate exactly certain battle-ships, are said to have deceived the Germans for several months while their counterparts were conveying transports across the Atlantic. This in a way "evens up" the feat of the Germans in adding an extra smokestack to the Emden during her spectacular career, and so leading the British to believe that she was the British cruiser Yarmouth

one of us he'll turn around to that long row of heads, and he'll say :

"Blessed animals in the fields of paradise, is this a man that should enter in?"

"And if the animals—they that were placed in his hands on earth to prove the heart that was in him—if the immortal animals say aught against that man, never will the good saint let

him in, with his dirty, mean stain upon him. Never. You'll see, sergeant, when your time comes. *Give those tendons another ten minutes!*"

Next morning John G. walked out of his stall as fresh and as fit as if he had come from pasture. And to this very day, in the stable of A Troop, John G., handsome, happy, and able, does his friends honor.

Next week will be published the second of this series of three stories. Its title is "Hot Weather"

TO A SCHOOLMATE—KILLED IN ACTION

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Gordan Rand, we saw you last
On a baseball field at play :—
Now the word is swiftly passed,
"Gordan died in France to-day!"

Gordan Rand, the boy we knew
Vanished when that message came :—
We shall always think of you
As a torch of living flame.

Ere our first few hundreds fell
It was your proud lot to fall
Underneath a German shell
In the vanguard of us all.

Gordan Rand, the men who die
As the pledge of hosts to come
Are a trumpet in the sky
And an ever-sounding drum.

We who still must wait and pray
For one chance to serve our land
Know what drum and trumpet say—
We salute you,—Gordan Rand!

THE WISHING SQUAD

BY ARTHUR D. CHANDLER

BARNUM and Bailey's circus had just come to town. I heard the roar of the lions and the trumpeting of the elephants when still a block away from Madison Square Garden.

As I came nearer, that peculiar circus smell reminded me of those early days when the coming of the circus was the great event of my life, when it caused thrills to radiate from my solar plexus all through my body. What a delightful tingling in my toes and finger-tips! How I clutched that quarter of a dollar in my pocket for fear it might somehow get away! It was earned, if I remember rightly, by selling a snared partridge (or was it a muskrat's skin?).

Have you forgotten that time when you were a boy yourself, when every day was filled with wishing and every night with dreams? You were all alive then. Every fiber of your being, like the taut strings of a violin, was seeking expression. If you have forgotten those days, I beg of you don't read on, for you won't understand.

I am writing this for the gray-haired men who love to play with children and with whom the children love to play; whose souls have never withered up, and never will; who can understand a boy because their hearts are still young, though their legs may be reluctant to jump a three-rail fence.

My friends, then, who understand, you will recall that fringe of kids which is always around the entrance to a circus, hands

in their pockets feeling for the dime or quarter that isn't there, with wistful faces shining through the dirt. That shine comes from the same old thrill we used to have when we were boys and wished very much for something we didn't have the money to buy. They were there around the entrance to Madison Square Garden, dozens of them—barefooted, ragged, dirty, and happy.

Mingling with the bunch, I asked, "What are you kids doing here?"

"We's just wishin'."

"What are you wishing?"

Quickly came the reply from a blue-eyed, curly-haired youngster: "Say, mister, we's wishin' some rich guy would come along and buy us all tickets into de circus, see?" Another volunteered, "I'se wishin' I was a horseback-rider like that guy on de poster;" and another, "I'se wishin' I lived in de country an' the circus come and pitched de tent near where I was livin'."

"What would you do then?" I asked.

"Gee, I'd sneak in under de tent mighty quick, an' so would all de udder guys."

Around the corner strode a policeman, and at the cry, "Cheese it, a cop!" in every direction suddenly vanished my "wishin' squad."

Those fluttering rags and pattering feet were gone, but they

left with me a bag of gold; more than that—a fortune, if we measure wealth in terms of satisfaction. For on that day I “junked” from my vocabulary and point of view forever the unsavory terms “hoodlum” and “vagabond” as applied to boys of the street, and ever since that time I’ve looked upon them as just a “wishing squad.” I’ve come to know hundreds of them, and have never had reason to change my new point of view. I have grown to feel with them, and to care. So there has come about a better understanding of these “misfit” boys who make up the “wishing squads” of our city streets.

Maybe I was born with lots of faith in “misfit” boys. We had one in our town when I was young. Perhaps that is why the term “original good” has always seemed to me to be a fair working hypothesis. In fact, I sometimes think it works out even better in practice than the other more orthodox term, “original sin.” Yes, I have faith—lots of it—in “bad” boys; the same kind of faith I have in seed corn, potatoes, wheat, rye, and in the soil. The potential is in the seed and in the soil and in every boy, but the Eternal Wisdom seems to require some one with common sense and common humanity to raise crops or to make worthy men out of “misfit” boys.

You will recall that in some parts of the Far West large areas of seemingly desert lands were formerly given up to sage-brush, cactus, and rattlesnakes. Then some men with a vision and with an understanding came along; they tapped the life-giving lakes among the mountains and they brought the water to the “wishing” soil. Homes were built and children played where formerly lurked the rattlesnakes. The sage-brush and the cactus gave way to the green grass, the fruit, and the flowers.

The soil of the desert was not really “totally depraved”—only judged so from its fruits. When neglect gave way to understanding and the proper means were used to bring out the dormant energy of the soil, abundant harvests were the result.

All normal boys, whether we call them “good” boys or “bad” boys, are just bundles of energy seeking expression—our “wishing squad.” If the wishes of these boys are wisely directed and satisfied by intelligent parents and teachers, we will get the expression of this energy through their spiritual and moral growth which we want for the making of men. But if neglected or misdirected this energy will find for itself ways of expression in anti-social acts which lead to the making of crooks—a harvest of enemies of society instead of noble men and good citizens.

Every State has its “human dump heap” for delinquent boys who have committed some anti-social act, such as truancy, vagrancy, incorrigibility, larceny, or “breaking and entering” (I have been a trustee of one of these human dump heaps for several years)—an institution to which boys are committed by the Juvenile Court to serve time for delinquency.

When one glances up from the formidable-looking commitment paper into the frank, open face of the boy, one naturally asks: “What got you into trouble, son?” The answer is almost invariably the same: “Playing hooky.” “Why didn’t you go to school?” “The teacher was down on me,” or “I didn’t like the teacher,” or “I didn’t like school.” “What did you do when you weren’t in school?” “Went wid de gang.” “What did the gang do?” “Crooked copper, brass, an’ things like that.” “Where did you sell it?” “To de junkman.” “What did you do with the money?” “Went to the movies or bought eats and candy.”

Probably ninety per cent of “delinquent” boys will answer these questions in almost exactly the same language. Most of these boys have had very unfavorable home conditions, caused by poverty, drunkenness, or the death of a parent.

The public schools are inadequately equipped to interest the wild boy who has not been properly domesticated. He does not fit into the nice round hole prepared for him in the school system. There is not time, and there is little inclination, to trim the hole to fit the boy, so the teacher “trims” the boy, and the truant officer, when he can catch him, is kept busy dragging the reluctant urchin back to school.

Nature abhors a vacuum. So does a boy, whether it is in his stomach or in his pocket.

When a bunch of boys “on the hook” get together, each one having an empty stomach and empty pockets, nature finds cause

for immediate action, to the great pleasure and profit of the nearest junk dealer.

“Why do you steal junk?” I have asked many boys. “Because it’s easier to get money that way.” “Does the junkman know you stole it?” “Sure. How else could we get it?” The “Fagin” who teaches boys to pick pockets is no greater menace to society than the junkman who encourages boys to become thieves by receiving from them stolen goods. So serious has this menace become that the New Jersey Legislature has recently passed a law making it a State’s prison offense to buy junk from a boy under sixteen years of age. Legal evidence sufficient to convict them seems difficult to get, and the junkmen continue to smile and make their illegitimate profit.

With honest labor in great demand and juvenile delinquency on the increase, why should not the Government conscript the junkmen and put them at some honest job that does not help to make criminals out of the boys of the street?

Mr. Edison has said: “Let me have the pay the truant officers get each year, and I’ll make all the boys scoot to school.”

Adapt the fascination of the movies to the needs of the classroom, and a very potent cause for truancy will be made to pull in the right direction.

The potential for the making of a noble man is in the soul of every normal boy.

A wonderful harvest of men awaits those who have a vision of the larger motherhood and the larger fatherhood; who understand what it means to a boy to feel, perhaps for the first time in his life, that “somebody cares” and is willing to give him a square deal; who have grown by experience to realize that the largest compensation in life does not come to us in terms of cash, but in terms of satisfaction.

It was said to me by a philosophical friend, “Men understand dogs and horses better than they do boys. Whether men utterly forget their own boyhood or simply misremember it, it is true that they misunderstand boys as completely as if boys belonged to another species of creature.”

For whatever reason, life is not arranged with much thought to the natural needs of boys or with much sign of insight into the boy heart. Education, restraint, rebuke, all are arranged with too little imagination for boy impulses that not only cannot be eradicated but that should not be eradicated. They do not sufficiently recognize the boy as a *person*. We read of boy hardships in biography with immense sympathy and resentment, and too often forget that the next wishing youngster we meet, particularly if he is breaking some rule in the making of which he has had no voice, is potentially living the first chapter of a biography.

I want to see the world made safe for boys. I want to see boys taken into the game, and not shoved aside as common enemies whose rights, wishes, needs, and potentialities are to be considered only in biographical retrospect. If the boyhood of Lincoln was important, not only to Lincoln but to the world, so every boy’s boyhood is important; for though he may never be a Lincoln, he is, and will be, a factor one way or another in the welfare of the group in which he grows up. To thwart, badger, or belittle him is to lose sight, not only of something that belongs to him, but of possibilities for good or evil which it is our business to consider for the sake of the humanity on which his qualities will react.

The Hindus say, “My neighbor is myself in another body.” It is every man’s duty to say, “This boy is myself in a younger body—perhaps a body badly housed, badly fed, badly taught, badly governed, and, by the will of God, badly tempted. I shall do for him what I should like to have done for me in these conditions. I shall not too quickly and smugly say, ‘My lickings did me good,’ or ‘My hardships were the making of me,’ but try to remember how many boys were ruined by lickings blindly administered in the wrong way at the wrong time, and how frequently needless and preventable tortures of hardships have scattered human wrecks along the pathway of life. I shall try to remember that it is not what I needed (if by a miracle I remember that), but what this individual boy wishes and needs, that is to determine my conduct toward him—my conduct personally and as a member of human society.”

When this has become the common vision, there will no longer be a “boy problem.”

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on *The Outlook* of March 13, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of *The Outlook* will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The American Army in France.
Reference: Pages 396, 397.

Questions:

1. What record are the American forces in France making? 2. What does this item show the spirit of Germany toward American soldiers to be? How explain this attitude? 3. Do you think it would be wise for our Government to give out fuller accounts of our soldiers' activities? 4. What kind of experiences are ahead of our boys "over there"? Are we and they prepared for these? 5. Read: "Under Fire," by H. Barbusse; "A Crusader of France," by Captain Belmont; "To Arms," by M. Tinayre—all published by E. P. Dutton; "Trench Fighting," by Captain Elliott (Houghton Mifflin); and "Cavalry of the Clouds," by Captain Bott (Doubleday Page).

B. Topic: Dare We Dicker for Peace?
No Time to Think Peace.

Reference: Pages 409-411; editorial, pages 401, 402.

Questions:

1. What are the convictions and the determinations of the American people as set forth by Dr. Odell? How does he know? Does he speak *your* convictions? 2. Show wherein Dr. Odell has or has not proved his propositions. 3. Which of the quotations from President Wilson's speeches do you like best? Explain why. 4. State your opinion of Germany in eight or ten sentences. 5. Give as many reasons as you can why America should or should not dicker for peace. 6. The Outlook says (page 402) that "this is the time not to talk or *even think peace*" (italics mine). Has it shown convincingly why? Is this statement by The Outlook too strong? Discuss. 7. What is Germany's most dangerous weapon according to The Outlook? Is there sufficient evidence to justify this position? 8. Are you willing to stand for a "peace negotiated with the present masters of Germany"? Give your reasons. 9. If you are willing to stand for such a peace, read "German Atrocities," by N. D. Hillis (Revell). Read it, anyway, and get your friends to read it. Read also "The Diplomatic Background of the War," by Professor Seymour (Yale University Press).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: What Is to Become of Our Reservoir of Oil?

Reference: Editorial, pages 402-404.

Questions:

1. The Outlook says that "everybody, directly or indirectly, is concerned with the supply and the price of gasoline." Can you not name *some one*, perhaps a friend of yours,

who is *not* thus concerned? Be sure you *prove* what you say. 2. Discuss the various relations of your answer to question 1 to the significance of this editorial. 3. What has The Outlook said by way of proving that we are wasting petroleum? 4. Explain the Leasing System. Tell what you think of it and why. 5. What provisions of the Ferris Bill has The Outlook mentioned? What objections to this bill are considered by The Outlook? 6. What does The Outlook believe should be done about the regulation of oil production? 7. Do you think public oil lands should pass into private hands? Reasons. 8. Discuss why Congress is so slow in passing needed legislation. Are there ways of speeding up such legislation? State and discuss.

B. Topic: The Regulation of Wages;
Light vs. Night; Mr. Bryan Reaps;
Educating Women Voters.

Reference: Pages 395, 396, 397, 405, 408.

Questions:

Note—Make this topic the basis of a study of the attitude of the individual toward public affairs. 1. Explain what is meant by "the law of supply and demand." For what reasons has it been commonly accepted? 2. The Outlook says that for all practical purposes this doctrine is now obsolete. Why? 3. What is taking its place? Will this mean more for the good of society than the old belief? Discuss. 4. In what respects and to what extent should the Government control the individual in industrial matters? 5. Explain the daylight saving plan. Do you think it would be well for America to adopt it? Should the Government have authority to compel citizens to observe such a plan? 6. Tell how Mr. Bryan was received at Toronto. How account for his reception there? What do you think of the incident? 7. What is being done for the political education of women voters? (See pages 405, 408.) How valuable is this work? Why? 8. What, in your opinion, are the principles that should determine the attitude of the individual toward public questions? How is your attitude determined toward such affairs?

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Germany is worse now than in August, 1914. 2. The primary object of education is to free the individual from the tyranny of worn-out notions. 3. The average American does not know enough to form a sound opinion on public questions.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for March 13, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Loathe, sophistries, inarticulate, pact (409); immunity, franchises of liberty, treason to humanity, quaver (410); oil, gasoline, petroleum, impunity, culpably, prodigal (402); patented lands (403).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application



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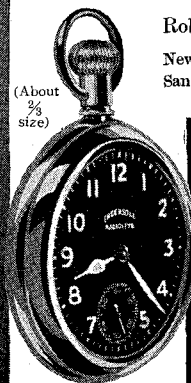
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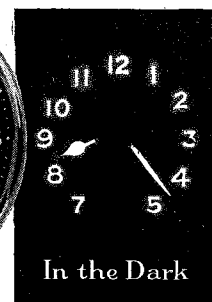
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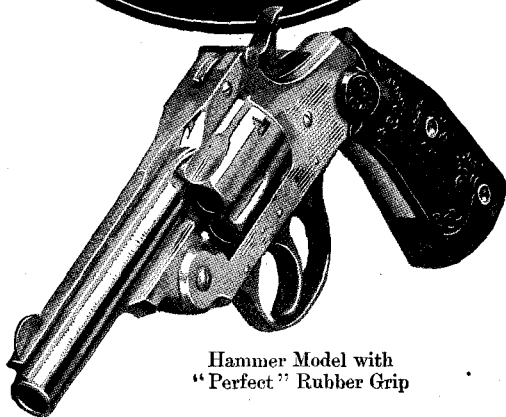


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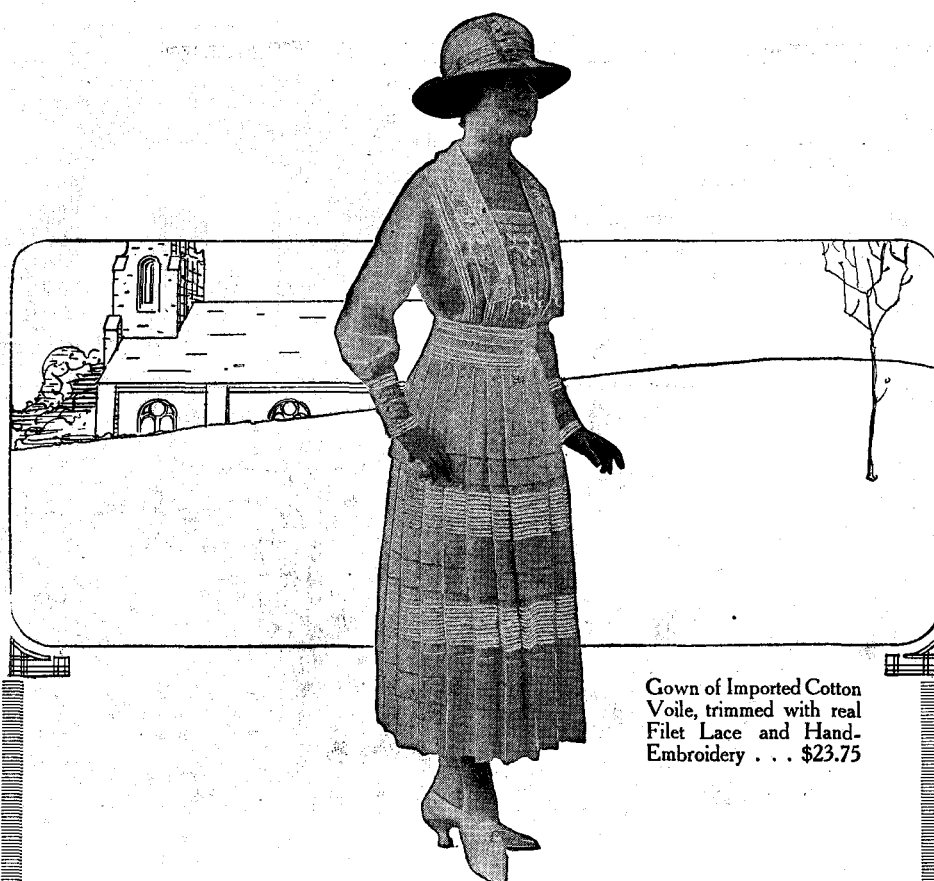
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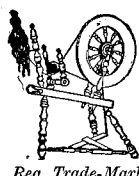
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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Key of the Fields (The), and Boldero. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.35.

In an odd way, these two stories recall the manner and style of Mr. Locke's delightful "The Beloved Vagabond," who certainly had "the key of the fields." In short, both stories have the delight of adventure and wandering and the unexpected. As romances of action and surprise they are capital.

Orkney Maid (An). By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Mrs. Barr returns in this tale to a subject in which she is greatly at home—the islands in which lived the sturdy Scotch race from which she herself descends. In a way the story is a companion piece to Mrs. Barr's "Christine: A Fife Fisher-girl." It is at least thirty-five years ago since stories and sketches by Mrs. Barr began to appear in this periodical.

Sunshine Beggars: A Novel. By Sidney McCall. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

POETRY

Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri (The). The Italian Text with a Translation in English Blank Verse and a Commentary. By Courtney Langdon. Vol. I—Inferno. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. \$2.50.

This latest translation of the immortal "Comedy" differs from the well-known Longfellow and Norton translations in being in blank verse. It is an excellent translation, and the accompanying notes are very valuable.

Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses. By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

A welcome addition to the collected works of one of the greatest of English novelists, of whom it may also be said that his merit and power as a poet have been rather unfairly overshadowed by his work in fiction.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Hearts of Controversy. By Alice Meynell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

Miss Meynell's talk about books and reading, and more especially about the personal side of the temperament and methods of authors, is always readable and stimulating to thought. In this little volume she talks in this way about Dickens, Thackeray, Swinburne, the Brontës, and others. The volume is just the thing to take up from time to time for half an hour's pleasant reading.

Per Amica Silentia Lunae. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

In this tastefully printed volume Mr. Yeats gives us, both in prose and verse, impressions of life—and also of death, as in "Anima Mundi." Always there are freshness of idea and strikingly original form of expression.

WAR BOOKS

To Arms (La Veillée des Armes). By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Lucy H. Humphrey. Preface by John H. Finley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This volume presents, in the form of fiction or semi-fiction, a moving and animated picture of France at the time immediately preceding the outbreak of the war. It is a fine record of patriotism and willingness to sacrifice everything to save France and the world's liberty.

SANCTUARY FOR SAVINGS

BY FRANK SEAMAN

UNDERLYING the preparations for the launching of the "drive" for the Third Liberty Bond issue there exists a well-defined doubt that it will meet with the same enthusiastic support that was accorded to its two predecessors.

This doubt finds its official recognition in the suggestion that these new bonds will be made to yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest.

These are the two problems that confront the Treasury Department to-day: First, how to insure a full and enthusiastic subscription to the new issue to a probable amount of ten billion dollars; and, second, how to prevent the immediate depreciation of these bonds in the open market once "the drive" and its patriotic enthusiasm have passed and the new bondholders meet the acid-test of financial conditions.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has publicly expressed a feeling of confidence in the dependability of the American people in this exigency when he said, "We have created a patriotic army of ten million bond-buyers in this country," evidently meaning to imply that they will again respond to the lure of the Nation's need and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," declared Glendower.

"Why, so can I, or so can any man," answered Hotspur. "But will they come when you do call for them?"

It is not that the absorptive power of the country has been exhausted by the assimilation of two Liberty Bond issues together with all of the other demands created by war, but that the rank and file of Secretary McAdoo's bond-buying army is short of ammunition is not to be doubted. Yet, while the conditions are not as favorable to-day for the flotation of another huge bond issue as they were a few months ago, the necessity for a full or over subscription is no less pressing. It is my purpose to suggest a method by which the success of the Third Liberty Bond issue may be assured in advance without resort to any drastic measures or uneconomic rate of interest. Nor do I believe that such a result can safely be left to patriotism plus $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The small wage-earners, who constitute the rank and file of Secretary McAdoo's bond-buying army, the little man who has contributed \$1 a week for fifty weeks out of his total income of \$20 per week, has found that since he made that investment the remaining \$19 have a smaller purchasing power dollar for dollar than before he helped to win the war. He has seen further that each of these dollars loaned to Uncle Sam quickly shrunk in value to only about ninety-four cents. His patriotism may be all right, but, while his ability to invest further has been lessened, he may be pardoned if—unacquainted as he is with the ways of finance—he begins to doubt the value of a form of security that so quickly shrivels under the test of open market conditions.

Among the non-commissioned officers of Mr. McAdoo's bond-buying army—those, let us say, enjoying incomes from earnings of from \$1,000 to \$5,000—a similar condition exists. The cost of war has fallen upon them more heavily proportionately, perhaps, than upon any others. Their obli-

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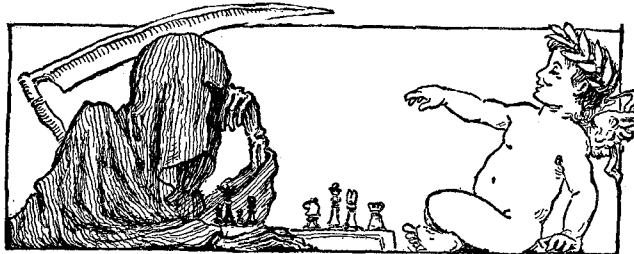
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Sanctuary for Savings (Continued)
gations are greater, and their earning power is not increased.

Reliance for the successful flotation of the Third Liberty Bond issue must therefore be placed most largely upon those who have a surplus to invest, or other investments that they may be induced—not compelled—to transfer to this form of holding. The success of the forthcoming issue will depend, not so much on the amount of interest that these bonds will yield, as upon the amount of interest that can be created in them on the part of those who are still able to invest.

It is possible to put behind this Third Liberty Bond issue some one feature that will at once assure a heavy oversubscription and at the same time correct the recognized evil of selling at leisure after buying in haste. Is it possible to create an interest in the new issue that will be so great as to amount almost to compulsion, not only as to purchase, but also as to permanent holding? I believe that to be entirely possible without offering an uneconomic rate of interest, and in spite of the depression consequent upon the coalless holidays.

We have to meet an extraordinary condition that calls for extraordinary treatment. "New times," says Lowell, "demand new measures and new men. The world advances and in time outgrows the things that in our fathers' time were best." The new measure that this time calls for is one that might well have been established long ago by law, even as it has been established by individuals in practice within a somewhat narrow scope.

One of the problems that confronts every man as he begins to acquire something more than is necessary for his immediate needs and those of his family is how to secure some portion of that surplus to those he loves; how safely to put something by for the proverbial "rainy day" that will secure to his dependents at least the bare necessities of existence.

It is no longer a reproach to a man to say that "his house is in his wife's name." Rather is it a reflection upon his forethought and consideration if it is not. The economic wisdom of such an act is recognized by many of our newer States, which provide homestead exemptions covering not only the house but its contents to a reasonable amount. Beyond this there is no recognized legal sanctuary, unless we except life insurance and annuities.

Were the Third Liberty Bond issue to carry with it this principle of sanctuary—properly guarded from abuse and misuse—it would become the part of wisdom for every man possessed of any property whatever to seek this security for some portion of his possessions. In other words, it is possible to make these bonds a legal sanctuary into which may be placed the reserve that is intended for the protection of the family, and, as such, exempt from attachment and from inheritance taxes. It is quite possible to provide against the abuse of this privilege by stipulating that the purchaser must be solvent at the time of purchase and for two years thereafter. By this provision it would become impossible for these bonds to be improperly used for the sequestration of funds that should belong to creditors, and the burden of solvency at the time of purchase and for the two years thereafter should fall upon the holder.

These bonds would differ in no way from any other Government issue, except that the sanctuary feature could, at any

time, be taken advantage of, should the holder so elect. This feature would be expressed, perhaps, in a coupon attached to the bond, which would be, in effect, an agreement with the Government that the holder sought this sanctuary. When properly executed, the sanctuary would then cover only the original holder under that agreement and would expire with its sale, since it would not be transferable. Thus these bonds could be purchased in the usual way by banks and brokers for sale to their customers with the sanctuary feature intact and unused, but available to the first purchaser who should elect to take advantage of it.

It is easy to imagine a business man of comparatively small means, anxious as to a future that is not yet entirely secured, seeking this form of security in preference to placing real estate in the name of his wife. It is easy to imagine this man meeting some unforeseen financial storm requiring the sacrifice of something in order to weather it. There can be no question but that these exempt sanctuary bonds would be the last to leave his possession.

Many details of such a form of bond must necessarily be worked out by financial experts. The possession of such a bond would be better than the ownership of gold dollars to a like amount. For the gold dollars might be subject to litigation and seizure. There is no legal sanctuary for gold. It is not exempt from attachment, however solvent the holder may have been at the time of acquirement.

To bequeath such exempt sanctuary bonds by will is better than life insurance for a similar amount, for the dual reason that behind them is the full credit of the United States Government, and, further, because their payment and that of their interest could not be, under any circumstances, subject to possible litigation, save to show that their purchaser was solvent at the time of purchase and for two years thereafter. The value of insurance is sometimes affected by questions of the solvency of the company issuing the policy or by contentions that there are flaws in the original application of the insured persons. These questions sometimes have to be settled by litigation. The value of Liberty Bonds is free from all such questions. They are good for their face value as long as the United States Government is solvent. A further exemption which these bonds might carry is freedom from the imposition of inheritance taxes, since the sanctuary thus afforded is primarily for the protection of dependents, with the Federal Government itself as a trustee.

With a Third Liberty Bond issue carrying this exempt sanctuary for savings feature, together with the present exemptions and the possible exemption from inheritance taxes, our bond-buying army of ten million may become a bond-buying army of thirty million, for the sanctuary appeal will not be solely to the man of great means. Again may we arouse the interest of the small-salaried man who has already bought as much as he can afford while keeping a little something by in the proverbial stocking for his wife's protection. Hoardings, under these circumstances, will come out, and Uncle Sam will be made the trustee for the wife's protection. Let these small investors once feel that their savings are safer in sanctuary bonds than in a stocking or in a bank, that the wife's little heritage is secured by the Government of the United States, and their mental attitude to-

wards that Government will be greatly influenced. They cannot be "agin' the Government," for it will be *their* Government, protecting their interests and their families, so that this increased army will become not only better investors but better citizens, with a deeper patriotic interest and a warmer feeling of loyalty for their country. For "where your treasure is there your heart is also."

To be fully effective and to insure an over-subscription in this time of stress, this exemption and sanctuary feature should apply to this bond issue and to this only; not to establish a precedent nor to set a new custom. If it be made plainly and clearly understood that these bonds are the first and the last ever to afford this exempt sanctuary for savings, this issue will be quickly and fully subscribed.

THE APATHIST

BY THOMAS ADDISON, OF THE VIGILANTES

Apathy! I'm beginning to think that your apathist (to coin a word) is pretty nearly as bad as your pacifist. You can at least pillory the pacifist, plant the red flag over him, and warn straight-out Americans to give him a wide berth. But your apathist! What, in heaven's name, are you going to do with this chap? He isn't a traitor, he isn't a false propagandist, he isn't even a willful obstructionist. He is simply a human invertebrate—a dead weight in a war-working community that has got to be lugged along because there's nothing else to do with him.

I know Mr. Apathist, and you know him. As a rule he hasn't any one of his immediate blood in the Army—he and his are all safe, sound, and snug. You seldom see him at a patriotic rally, or on a committee to boost the Red Cross, or in a Y. M. C. A. "over there" drive, or buying smokes for Sammies. But he buys Liberty bonds—you bet! And War Saving Stamps and Thrift Stamps. Good business, that; you can't lose. But these other things they are begging for—there's plenty of time to come across for them when we really begin to fight. And, you know, it's not so sure that we will have to fight. Something is likely to happen before we get to the firing line—peace, or a revolution in Germany, or something. And, anyway, the Government is running this show, and taxing the life out of us to do it. The Government doesn't need my help. I'm just one in a hundred million. Let the fellows who have the money and time to spare do the shouting. I've got all I can attend to keeping up with my growing business.

You've heard Mr. Apathist talk just like that. I have, anyway. He has ten tons of coal in his cellar when the State fuel administrator says the limit is two; there are a hundred pounds of sugar in his pantry when the grocer is allowing but three pounds a week to a family of four; he burns up gasoline joy riding on Sundays when the Government begs the people to help conserve the supply on hand.

What's the matter with this chap? I'll tell you. He is afflicted with mental myopia. He is devoid of imagination. He is a materialist, a hedonist, an unspiritual clod of clay—self-centered as a turtle buried in the mud. He believes only in what is jammed up to his nose—what he can taste, touch, smell, and hear. He can't visualize this war; he couldn't do it if he was furnished with a telescope that would give him a

The Apathist (Continued)

close-up of the bloody trenches in Flanders, or an audiphone that would let him hear the roar of the great guns. The moment he put the instruments aside he would lapse into his former sense of aloofness from the scene. Three thousand miles away! What interest could he have in a thing so remote? If the Germans were fighting on the next block—why, yes! He'd grab his gun and go out with the neighbors to head 'em off. He'd fight for his home with any man. But across the seas!

That's your apathist! Dear Lord, how I would like to put a pin in every chair he sits in—in every bed he lies in—in every shoe he walks in—in every hat he sticks his head in. If I could only prod him, body and soul, until he was all awake and alive, and would pitch in and do a he-man's work for the holiest cause humanity's sun ever flamed on! If I only could!

THE CONDUCTORETTE

BY G. M. AIRE

An Amsterdam Avenue car stopped at Seventy-ninth Street and three noisy young fellows in civilian dress got on. From the moment of their entrance it was quite evident that they were bent on making the little woman in the conductor's chair feel uncomfortable. An excuse for finding fault with her was taken by one of them immediately when the car started with a sudden lurch that seated all three of them unexpectedly.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't learn something!" he flung at her.

"She didn't jerk us," another corrected; "but," he added, "she's no business in a man's place, so she hasn't."

"Of course she hasn't," agreed the third.

"Why don't you go back to your own business? You've got no right to be taking a good man's place in here," the one who had first spoken snarled at her.

Not one word in reply had she made; but "a good man's place" roused her. "Did you say that I am taking a good man's place?" she asked, directing herself to the last speaker.

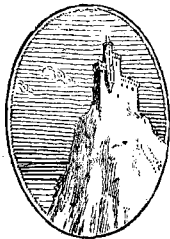
"Yes, I did say just that," he retorted. "You're doing some good man out of his job." He was quite proud of himself.

Her cheeks were flaming, but she answered him, quietly: "All the good men are in khaki."

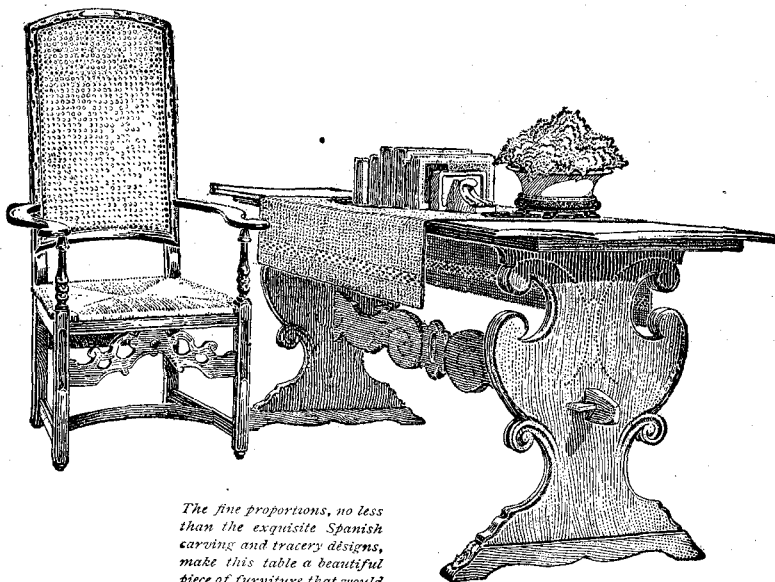
At Eighty-seventh Street three silent young fellows left the car. A short ride had given them their money's worth.

A GALLANT ENEMY

A member of the British force in Mesopotamia, in a letter to an English paper referring to the death of General Maude, says: "On the day of the funeral there was an enemy airplane over Bagdad, and the firing of the anti-aircraft guns formed an appropriate requiem for the dead soldier. Whether the Turks were then aware of General Maude's death is unknown, but two days later an enemy airplane again appeared over the city, and, coming unscathed through the gunfire and eluding two attacks in the air, swooped down over the British residency to drop a message of condolence. Of course it was not war, but it was a gallant action, and our acknowledgment of it, I understand, was conveyed in the same way. The Turks admire a good soldier, and had reason to respect General Maude."



This aristocratic Spanish chair is bold of line and interestingly designed. The seat is of rush, the back of woven cane.



The fine proportions, no less than the exquisite Spanish carving and tracery designs, make this table a beautiful piece of furniture that would adorn any home.



SPAN-UMBRIAN

The New

Berkey & Gay Design

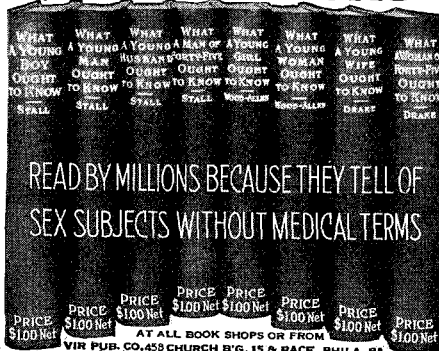
IN Span-Umbrian, Berkey & Gay have created the style which is peculiarly well adapted to the home of today.

The splendid proportions of this furniture fit it admirably for modern rooms, while the wonderful carving and the wine-dark mellow tone of the wood meet modern ideals of beauty and distinction. But you will find that Span-Umbrian's greatest charm is its homelikeness—that lovable, indefinable quality which makes this furniture a cherished part of your home and of your life.

To learn about this furniture's rich historical background, send 25c for "The Story of Span-Umbrian Furniture." If the best furniture shop near you does not have this furniture, write us and we will gladly tell you where you can find it. Berkey & Gay Furniture Company, 184 Monroe Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Important to Subscribers When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both old and new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

STALL'S BOOKS



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes



And sprinkle in the Foot-Bath. One war relief committee reports, that of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers. The American, British and French troops use it, because it takes the Friction from the shoe and freshens the feet.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Why not order a dozen packages to-day to mail to your soldier friends in training camps and in the army and navy. Sold by Drug-gists and Dept. stores everywhere, 25 cts.

The Outlook Classified Advertising Section

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The issue of April Seventeenth will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property.

CASH FOR REAL ESTATE

I got spot cash for my property in less than two weeks. Made sale myself, so had no fees or commissions to pay. And you can do the same if you will get and follow The Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate. No matter where your property is located these successful Plans will show you how to make a quick, cash sale. More than 5,000 properties in the 48 states already sold by this efficient method. If you want to learn how to turn your real estate into cash, send your name and address (a postal will do) to SIMPLEX, Dept. 67, 1123 Broadway, N. Y., and you will receive, without cost or obligation, valuable information, with convincing proof of what these Plans have done for others and what they can do for you.

CALIFORNIA

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Attractive House for Sale

On finest residence street. Lot 78 x 226. Eight rooms and two baths. Open fireplaces in six rooms. Running water, gas, electricity and telephone. Furnace for heating when necessary, and new gas range. Centrally located, near trolley line and beautiful park. Price \$11,800. Complete furnishings may be purchased if desired. Easy terms—a rare opportunity. Will also consider renting.

Asa W. Waters, 45 Oxford St., Cambridge, Mass.

CANADA

MURRAY BAY (POINTE-AU-PIC), QUEBEC

For rent (or sale)

Former summer residence of late Mr. Justice Harlan, of U. S. Supreme Court—12 rooms, 2 baths, completely furnished; fine tennis court; wide view of St. Lawrence and Laurentian Mts.; ten minutes' walk to golf links; delightful summer colony. Also two smaller Murray Bay cottages. Address MURRAY BAY, Room 18, 394 Dorchester St., West, Montreal.

Farm for Sale

160 acres in Niagara district, Ontario, Canada. 50 acres grain, 20 acres fruit, balance pasture and woods. 9-roomed frame house, tenant house, barn, silo, pig pens, etc. Beautiful view over Lake Ontario. Near village and trolley to Hamilton. Bargain. Write at once to Owner, P. O. Box 92, Beamsville, Ontario.

To Delightful Cottage 10 rooms, 1 bath, 2 stone fireplaces. Situation unsurpassed, overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay and surrounding country. Rent \$300 for season. 7,739, Outlook.

Sixteen Island Lake, P. Q. Canada, near Montreal. For sale or rent, 8-room and 2-room summer cottages. Motor boat, etc. For photos, etc., write E. A. Cook, 327 College St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

CONNECTICUT



This BUNGALOW for Sale

Asking \$15,000. At Double Beach, Branford, Conn., with shore frontage of 100 feet on Long Island Sound. Conveniently accessible by trolley line or State roads. Lot is well wooded and commands fine view. Bathing and boating privileges. Bungalow is exceptionally well built, with all modern conveniences and hardwood floors throughout. Contains living-room, dining-room, five bedrooms, kitchen, large bathroom, cemented cellar, and two screened porches. Pure water supply, hot water heating and electric lighting. Well built garage with cemented floor and charging set for electric vehicles. Owner will sell furnished or unfurnished as desired. Address

E. H. McHENRY
Second National Bank Bldg., New Haven, Conn.



CONNECTICUT

9-ROOM FURNISHED COTTAGE COLEBROOK, near Norfolk, Conn. House linen. Open fire. Rent season, \$175. R. N. Horner, 3716 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

CORNWALL, CONN.

FOR SALE—Furnished house, 12 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping porch, open fireplaces, furnace; one acre of land, barn, icehouse. Address Miss H. KILLOGG, 61 Broadway, N. Y.

Fir Crest, Meriden, Conn.

For Sale—Beautiful country home and practical farm. Situated in the heart of the finest agricultural district of New England. Less than two and one-half miles from the center of Meriden and of easy access to all the largest markets. Large and attractive grounds. Wonderful situation for a sanatorium. Nearly 400 feet elevation. Address Mrs. GEORGE E. BUTLER, P. O. Box 833, Meriden, Conn.

NEW LONDON on the SOUND

Several large furnished houses to rent. One exceptionally fine. Very desirable. Also a number of smaller cottages. At New London and Eastern Point, near the Hotel Griswold. Real estate for sale. WILLIAM S. CHAPPELL, New London, Conn. Est. 1887.



FOR SALE Beautiful California Type Bungalow, Situated at New Milford, Conn.

artistically finished, overlooking fine country in foothills of the Berkshires. Nicely developed grounds, flowers, vegetable garden, tennis court. Only reason for sale owner, who built place, obliged to change residence account of business. Favorable terms. Splendid all year round or summer country home in one of New England's most beautiful towns. Address D. E. BREINIG
6 E. 39th St., New York

On Ideal Tour

NEWTOWN, CONN.
In foothills of Berkshires

Remodeled Colonial Homestead

Of nine rooms and two baths, electric lights, completely furnished. For rent or sale at moderate price. Two acres of land, large shade trees, new garage, golf course. Inquire W. L. ALLEN, 81 N. Moore St., N. Y.

POMFRET, CONN.

TO RENT, adjoining country club with 9-hole golf course, house, 16 rooms, 2 baths, lavatory, electricity, piazzas with fine view, stable, garage, bungalow with billiard table; swimming pool, tennis court, gardens, new artesian well. \$1,500 fully furnished. Address L. SWAIN, Pomfret Center, Conn.

To Rent—Sharon, Conn., Litchfield Hills Furnished cottages, by the month or season. \$400 to \$2,500. All modern conveniences. BAKER & KIRBY, Sharon, Conn.

So. Woodstock, Ct.

In Among the Hills and Lakes Country property. Fourteen-room house, fully furnished; 3 bathrooms; 10 acres tillable land; garage, boat house, tennis court; golf links near. Rent reasonable. Photos. Address J. C. S., 92 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

STONINGTON, CONN.

DARLING HILL Splendid view-point, overlooking ocean and sound, midway between New London and Watch Hill. Cottage 13 rooms. Four master and three servants' bedrooms. Three bathrooms. All improvements—electricity, hot water heat, garage, and stable. Furnished excepting bed covering, table linen, and silver. Rent season, \$1,000. Apply DOUGHTY & GOULD
31 Clinton St., Room 214, Newark, N. J.

CONNECTICUT

Summer Residence for RENT Season \$300, or for Sale \$3,000. Eight furnished rooms, 51 acres park wood. Particulars and map on request. De Taillac, 25 Coe St., Winsted, Conn.

ILLINOIS



We can offer this unusual **OPPORTUNITY OF EXCHANGE** This splendid business property on one of Chicago's main business streets. Rented for long term leases, with practically no expense. Rent \$18,000 per year. Long term first mortgage \$110,000. Will consider either city or farm property. Send for particulars. (F) E. B. Woolf & Co., 79 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

IOWA

For Sale (owner, only son in war, retiring from business) all or part 2000-acre tract choice, tillable Minn. land. Enough timber for fencing; spring creek water. Interstate highway; ten miles live railroad town; excellent markets. Mail route, telephone, good community. Profitable subdivision, improved or unimproved. Price and terms reasonable. McKINLEY, Saint Ansgar, Ia.

MAINE

To Let. 3 furnished cottages, Pemaquid Harbor; quiet spot, Maine coast. 4 rooms. \$100 season; 7 rooms, \$150; 9 rooms, \$175. Daniel Whitehouse, Pleasant St., Augusta, Me.

Want Maine Property? Consult LOUIS KIRSTEIN & SONS, largest agency in Maine, Bangor, Maine.

Boothbay Harbor, Me. For sale or rent. New 10-room cottage, camps and tents. Open fires, sleeping porch. Rent \$100 to \$200. Fine photos. John H. Blair, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

CAMDEN, ME. High class cottages for rent, fully furnished. Best selections now. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

CASTINE, ME.

Modern 11-room furnished house, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces, French doors lead to 50 ft. terrace overlooking Penobscot Bay. Season, \$650.00.
Rustic Lodge, 9 rooms, furnished. Large living-room, 2 fireplaces, 5 bedrooms, 1 bathroom, 40 ft. porch. Superb view. Season, \$525.00. Address, 1,958, Outlook.

ISLESFORD, MAINE

Opposite Mount Desert. Summer home for sale or rent, 12 rooms, bathhouse, etc. 2 acres beach front. Terms very moderate. Address HENRY S. PANCOAST, Chestnut Hill, Penna.

Cape Porpoise Kennebunkport, Maine

TO LET—COTTAGE 10 rooms, 2 baths, toilet; thoroughly furnished, piano; electric lights, fireplace, piazzas, sleeping porch, garage, bathhouse; boating, fishing, sightly. \$350. Photos. G. S. F., 12 Carlisle St., Roxbury, Mass.

To Let for season. At Kennebunkport. Comfortably furnished house, 10 rooms, 6 bedrooms. Modern conveniences; furnace. Rent \$500. Apply 7,639, Outlook.

FOR SALE Summer Home in the Lake region of Maine. 8-room bungalow, with bath, screened porch, all modern improvements. Stable attached. W. L. Johnson, Monson, Me.

Bring the Family to Mt. Desert

Furnished Cottages to Rent ALICE C. YOUNG, South West Harbor, Me.

TO RENT. OGUNQUIT, MAINE

for summer season **NEW HOUSE 1917** June 15-Sept. 15 On ocean. Three minutes from cable telegraph, hotels, churches, post-office, and trolley. Complete housekeeping furnished. Twelve rooms, electric lighting, laundry, light cemented cellar with Boynton furnace; three bathrooms, three fireplaces. Apply by letter M. M. STEVENSON, Murray Hill Hotel, New York City, or Ogunquit

MAINE

Old Orchard Beach, Me. Consult us about a nicely furnished summer home at the seashore. Harmon Realty Co., Old Orchard, Me.

For Sale Penobscot Bay Farm on Nineteen room house, two barns, eighteen acres. \$1,200. J. H. JONES, Arlington, Mass.

Rangeley Lakes, Me.

FOR RENT One of the most attractive camps on Rangeley Lake

19 rooms, completely furnished; gas, aqueduct water, icehouse, stable, garage, boat-house, private dock and float; spacious grounds, tennis court. Hunting, fishing, boating, bathing, automobilizing. For particulars address Mrs. G. B. Gilman, 14 Allen St., Bradford, Mass.

Seashore Cottage Rent for season 6 rooms and bath, fully furnished; hot and cold water. S. W. LITTELL, 133 S. Main St., Rockland, Maine.

FOR SALE OR RENT SMALL POINT BEACH

Near Bath, eastern horn of Casco Bay. Modern ten room cottage, two baths. Apply DR. FOLTZ
Chestnut Hill Philadelphia

SORRENTO, MAINE., TO LET

Modern cottage in style of old farmhouse, on seashore. Beautiful views, ideal summer climate, swimming pool. 8 rooms fully furnished, 2 baths, 4 fireplaces. Apply to Mrs. L. E. ROWE, 281 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

For rent for summer season

MAINSTAY

Formerly summer residence of late Chief Justice Fuller. A comfortable furnished cottage at Sorrento, Maine, across Frenchman's Bay from Bar Harbor. Contains usual living rooms; five double, one single bedrooms, two bathrooms. Is equipped with modern plumbing, electric lights, and open fireplaces. The house has been newly renovated. Swimming, boating, tennis, motoring and golf. Price \$500 for season. Address MAINSTAY, 7,669, Outlook.

Squirrel Island, Me. Rent season of 1918. 7-room cottage in beautiful locality. Photo and particulars. F. J. C. Little, Augusta, Me.

FOR Rent, York Harbor, Maine. Furnished cottage, ten rooms, three baths, screened veranda, open fireplace. Garage if desired. Rent moderate. Apply to Joseph C. Bridges, Real Estate Agent, York Harbor, Me.

Summer Camp in Maine

For Sale or Rent On wooded point extending into beautiful lake. Camp consists of bungalow, separate dining pavilion with attached kitchen, store-rooms and icehouse, bathhouse, launch, fleet of small boats and canoes. At present fully equipped as a Camp for Boys. Would make wonderful summer place for gentleman. For full information and terms write 7,837, Outlook.

MINNESOTA

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

Dellwood Farm

1,200 ACRES

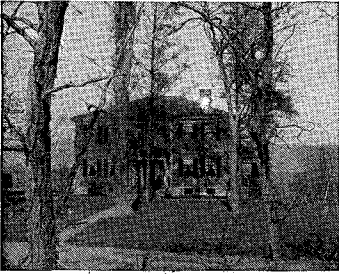
A country home with a farm, 3 miles from St. Paul, Minn., and 2½ miles from White Bear Lake and just south of the late J. J. Hill's famous Oaks Farm. Improvements: 1 main house, 12 rooms, heating plant, etc.; 3 tenant houses; large barn, chicken house 18 x 240, piggery, sheep sheds, granary, etc. Woven wire fencing. Suitable for stock raising, truck farming and grain, with markets 3 miles away. This is an unusual opportunity for some one with city property that they wish to exchange for a country home close to a big city, with big possibilities to make money. Send for full details with particulars of what you can offer. (F) E. B. Woolf & Co., 79 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

MASSACHUSETTS

BERKSHIRES Farm, 50 acres, well located; modern buildings, electricity, wood, ice, river through property. Photos. Owner could stay. Or will rent house furnished for season. Box 296, Gt. Barrington, Mass.

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS



Berkshire Hills—For Rent

Large Colonial House

8 open fireplaces, 3 bathrooms. Beautifully located, 1,200 ft. elevation. Electric lights, garage, 7,559, Outlook.

In the Heart of the Berkshires

Summer Home to Rent for Season
Beautiful views, including Greylock to the north and Mt. Everett south. Colonial house, attractively furnished, 5 bedrooms, 2 servants' rooms, and excellent room for man in stable, floor space for 2 cars. House has 4 open fireplaces, bathroom and two toilets, laundry. Direct train service from New York via Harlem R.R. Location equally near Lenox, Stockbridge and Pittsfield. For terms and further details address Mrs. R. H. W. Dwight, 14 Appian Way, Cambridge, Mass.

Massachusetts Camp for Sale or Lease

Beautiful site overlooking a Berkshire lake. Three acres of ground for tennis and sports. Complete equipment for small camp for young boys or girls. W. T. D. AUDEL & CO., 5th Ave. and 13th St., New York City.

FOR SALE

A well-established Country Day School
Near Boston. Address 7,853, Outlook.

CAPE Ballston Beach Bungalows

COD

by the ocean surf. Choice location. Moderate rents season. S. W. BALL, 198 Broadway, N. Y.

Cape Cod, near Hyannis

For rent, furnished, two cottages near fine bathing beach. Modern conveniences. Living-room, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, two maids' rooms and toilets, seven and five master bedrooms, two baths and sleeping porch. Garage accommodations and tennis court. Rent \$1,000 and \$800. Address B. V. WHITE, 110 E. 23d St., New York City.

Cape Cod, South Harwich

Three fully furnished, finely located summer homes. Two directly on shore. Miss W. F. NEEL, Milburn, N. J.

CAPE COD Ocean Front

Furnished

Housekeeping bungalows. 5 and 6 rooms and bathroom; fireplace. \$130 and \$150 season. L. S. RICH, Truro, Mass.

IPSWICH, MASS.

TO LET FURNISHED

A beautiful country estate situated on high land with extensive view

House of eight bedrooms, four bathrooms, sleeping porch, billiard room, living room, dining room, etc. Garage for two cars, with man's room. Tennis court, gardens, etc. Rent \$1,200. May be seen on application to G. A. BARKER, Tyler Building, Ipswich, Mass. Further particulars of FREEMAN & LAWRENCE, 55 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

For rent, in Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Furnished house, five master's, two maids' bedrooms, four baths, sun room; location desirable; rent moderate. Apply to Miss ANNE LEE, 1 Storey Place, Jamaica Plain.

In Northfield, Mass. A ten-room residence on beautiful Main St. Modern conveniences. 15x25 living-room, with large open fireplace. Barn, garage, fruit, 3 acres fine soil. Write Owner, W. W. COLE, Westfield, N. J.

No. Scituate Beach, Mass. 11-room house, furnished; 5 chambers, bath, piazza; near golf links, bathing-beach. Rent \$700. Garage. J. RICHARDSON, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

PIGEON COVE, MASS.

Sans Souci Cottage, on ocean front, for rent Completely Furnished. Ten rooms, bath, sun parlor. Address 7,567, Outlook.

FOR SALE. Modern high-class small home, sleeping porch. Nearly acre rich soil. Stable, shade, fruit, berries, etc. About one mile from center. Choice neighborhood. H.B. BEACH, 100 Holmes Road, Pittsfield, Mass.

For Williamstown, Mass. Beautiful sale in 1918. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Garage, 5 acres land, drives, shrubbery. Tennis court. Central. Also farms. JOSEPH TAVELLI, Spring St.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR RENT AT

TRURO, MASS.

for the summer months, overlooking the ocean, cottage, four bedrooms, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, maid's room and bath. Apply by mail to Mrs. F. A. WASHBURN, 190 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

To Rent, on Shepard Hill

HOLDERNESS, N. H.

Five minutes' walk from Asquam House, cottage, 8 rooms and bath, two screened sleeping porches; fine view Squam Lake; tennis, garage, beach right. Apply J. W. GOODRICH, 80 Victoria Road, Asheville, N. C., or CLARENCE PERKINS, Holderness, N. H.

TO LET INTERVALE, N. H.

An attractive summer cottage, commanding a most beautiful view of the mountains. Cottage finely built, with broad piazzas, electric lights, sleeping porch; telephone, garage and other modern conveniences. To rent for July and August. Price \$350. For further information apply to MISS MEANS, 576 Washington St., Dorchester, Mass.

Intervale, N. H. Furnished cottage of 8 rooms
10 minutes from station and P. O. W. D. MALLORY, Grove Hall Station, Boston, Mass.

White Mountains

JACKSON, N. H.

3 furnished cottages. One, a modern Log Cabin, overlooking entire White Mountain range. \$140, \$175, \$250 for season. A. G. PORTER, 171 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

FOR SALE Splendid N. H. Hill Farm

Timber, fruit, view. Good home. 40 to 175 acres as wanted. Address W. C. Keene, N. H.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. Sargent & Co., New London, N. H. Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate.

Near Lake Sunapee \$200 rent. Furnished cottage, six rooms, bath, garage; beautiful view, ten acres of land. Address Miss L. L. Phelps, 802 W. 131 St., N. Y. C.

White Mountains Littleton, N. H. Unusually desirable summer home. Large grounds, three baths, room for automobiles in stable. Center of beautiful country. For rent season 1918. E. K. R., Room 502, 15 Ashburton Place, Boston.

NORTH SUTTON, N. H.

For sale, completely furnished bungalow containing large living-room, kitchen, six bedrooms, toilet, large open fireplace, ice-house, boat-house, etc. Beautiful situation overlooking Keyser Lake and Mount Kearsarge. Price, \$3,000. Apply to Mrs. H. F. VICKERY, Brookline, Mass.

Well-furnished HOUSE, good farm, 1 mile from Raymond Center. Seventeen rooms, 2 baths, screened porches, furnace, fireplaces. Artesian well; shop, barns, garage. Woods, lakes, river. \$500 year. Also camp on lake. Excellent boating and bathing and fishing. Season \$100. Mrs. Gilman H. Tucker, 126 W. 85th St., New York City.

SUGAR HILL, N. H.

Attractive furnished cottage near Sunset Hill House. 10 rooms, bath, toilet room. Open fireplaces; electric lights; garage. Golf, tennis, etc. Housekeeping or not as desired. Apply to J. B. HARDON, 87 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

For SALE White Mountains. The picturesque Sugar Hill Cottage. Sugar Hill, N. H. Wm. R. Satchel, Owner. Furnished or, 162 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE on

Sunapee Lake, N. H.

All or part of ten acres of beautifully wooded shore front. Best point on the Lake, with splendid view. For particulars address

SARGENT & CO., Agents
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in White Mountains
Close to the Wilderness. Ideal place for rest and quiet. 40 acres of land. Beautiful pine forest. Fine mountain view. Bungalow with large living-room, dining-room, and kitchen; 3 sleeping cabins; sleeping tower; tennis court. Good trout fishing. Sold at sacrifice for cash. Apply E. C. SMITH, Bethel, Maine.

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An artistic, sparsely furnished old, remodeled FARM-HOUSE with one acre of land in a high, picturesque village among the New Hampshire hills. 12 miles from Keene, 12 miles from Dublin and Monadnock Mountain. Near lovely lake for bathing. \$200 for season of six months or less. 7,651, Outlook.

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For Sale. Lake Winnepesaukee, Wolfboro, N. H. New camp, furnished. Ten rooms, two sleeping porches. All improvements. Charles E. Birch, M.D., White Plains, N. Y.

So. N. H. \$1000

For Sale, Old Farm House, 30 acres land
Spring water, large living room, fireplace, kitchen, 5 sleeping rooms. 13 miles from R. R. 1 mile from P. O. and store. 1,300 feet elevation. Ideal for summer camp and children. Address 7,873, Outlook.

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Furnished, for the summer. Situated in Bernards Township, New Jersey, 3 miles from Bernardsville station on the Lackawanna R.R. 12 rooms, electric lights, running water, modern sewerage system, garage, ice house filled, garden if desired. Owner, 7,691, Outlook.

\$22,000 Residence for \$18,000

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Unusually attractive Colonial architecture. Arrangement includes wide Colonial center hall, huge living-room with French doors opening on to solarium and library, spacious dining-room, breakfast-room, completely equipped kitchen with tiled walls; three tiled baths with built-in tubs and shower, double sleeping porch, spacious bedrooms. A hundred conveniences not found in the average home. Choice neighborhood, near Lackawanna Terminal. Bank mortgage \$10,000. Terms to suit.

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At Lackawanna Terminal, Montclair, N. J.

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Adirondack

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365 ft. water front Buck Island, Lake Placid

One camp contains living room, dining room, kitchen, six master's bedrooms, two sleeping porches, two bathrooms, separate house containing two rooms and bath for maids. Boat house with large room used as studio.

Adjoining camp contains living room, dining room, kitchen, 3 master's bedrooms, 2 maids' rooms, 2 baths. Boat house. Motor launch, 2 rowboats.

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Box 7,699, care The Outlook

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LAKE PLACID, N. Y.

Camps and Cottages

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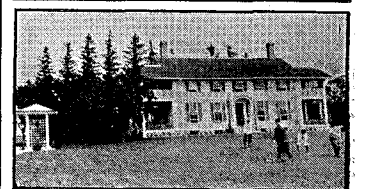
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Adirondack Bungalow Camps

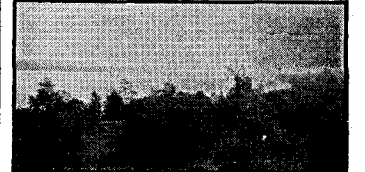
Fully furnished, finely located summer homes, 5 and 6 rooms and bath. \$150 for season. Elevation 1,000 feet. A. WARD, Jay, N. Y.



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in Finger Lake District of Central New York. Main house built about 1800, remodeled, 15 rooms, 2 baths, furnace, gas, open fireplaces, sleeping porches, garage, icehouse. One thousand feet frontage on Owaseo Lake, fertile farm of 220 acres, 30 in woods, 25 in brook pasture, 7 in apple orchard, rest under cultivation. New tenant house of 9 rooms, ample barns, livestock, and tools. On state road one mile from station of Lehigh Valley R. R. and 6 miles from the city of Auburn. Fine macadam roads in all directions. Apply T. M. HUNT, 41 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.



AuSable Forks, N. Y. For Sale, beautiful Near Plattsburg home, 12 rooms, hot water heat, 2 baths, electric lights, large piazza, stable, henery, garden, on state road, near best Adirondack resorts. Very desirable. Bargain sale. N. S. Pinney, Keene Valley, N. Y.

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3 story frame, steam-heated modern residence in the village of

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Approximately two acres of land, garden, gardener's house, stable, fruit trees. On main highway less than 1 mile from West Shore station. Town water supply and electricity. Fine view of Newburgh Bay. Apply J. Haviland Tompkins, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

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Small summer hotel on a spur of the Shawangunk Mountains. Extended view overlooking Ellenville and Rondout Valley. Twelve acres of land with furnished house accommodating about 40 guests, 7-room cottage and laundry. Episcopal chapel with daily service within five minutes' walk. Moderate price. Address A. KITE, Frankford, Philadelphia, Penna.

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FOR SALE. 7-room Bungalow, furnished. Modern improvements, running spring water, fruit, large porch. 1/2 mile Hensonville, N. Y. Price \$2,500. 7,697, Outlook.



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Real Estate

NEW YORK

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Furnished Cottages to Rent
on the shore of Lake Champlain, at Essex, N.Y. Address Edw. S. Anson, Cambridge, N.Y.

Country Place on Lake Champlain, N. Y. 28 miles from Plattsburg. 14 acres, 500 ft. lake front. Apple orchard. Rose and vegetable gardens. House of 10 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping porch. With cottage of 3 rooms adjoining. All furnished. Electricity, hardwood floors, open fire. For sale at \$20,000. Rent for season \$550. 7,805, Outlook.

Four-room Camp with Garage
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Two miles south of Essex, N. Y., on seven acres of land. 500 feet from water, on height overlooking lake. Many shade trees. M. C. S. LYON, 7 MacPherson Terrace, Albany, N. Y.

ESSEX ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

28 miles from Plattsburg Camp. Old Colonial house, 6 master's bedrooms, modern plumbing, 9 fireplaces, ample grounds. For rent furnished by month or season. Mrs. W. A. Townsend, 227 E. 72d St., N. Y.

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For Rent. At Essex on Lake Champlain, N. Y. One of the most beautiful situations on Lake Champlain, a point of 9 acres (6 acres wooded and 3 clear) with large water front. Five minutes' walk to village post-office. Living-room, dining-room, two pantries, servants' dining-room, and kitchen on first floor. 5 bedrooms and servants' bedroom, storeroom, bath and toilet with hot and cold water on second floor. Wide porch about 80 feet fronting on lake. For particulars apply John H. Magruder, Washington, D. C.

Essex, on Lake Champlain

For Sale or Rent. Brick house, well furnished, delightfully located. 14 large rooms, 2 bedrooms, fireplace. Laundry in basement, with set tubs. Five master bedrooms, 3 maids' rooms. Large piazzas, commanding beautiful view of lake, mountains of Vermont, and the Adirondacks. Beautiful shade trees and lawn. For full particulars and views address WM. H. STOWER, Cambridge, New York.

Lake Champlain. For sale or rent, cottage, six rooms, furnished; south of Essex; ideal location; 1 1/2 acres land; beach; \$2,500. E. W. Leaning, 58 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Meadow Point, Lake George Two furnished cottages for Rent. Ideal location on shore. Price reasonable. Address G. W. K., 7,713, Outlook.

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For Rent, at Bolton Landing. Attractive family home on lake shore—8 master's rooms, 3 maids' rooms, 4 baths; garden planted; wood, ice, electric light; garage; electric launch if desired. Address M. W. KNAUTH, 302 W. 76th St., New York.

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For Rent for Summer Months. Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. Completely furnished. Six rooms with three bedrooms and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included. For full particulars address 7,855, Outlook.

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LAKE GEORGE Cottage for rent, furnished, 5 rooms, piazzas and running spring water both floors; rowboat, ice. Prof. F. Pedersen, 452 W. 144th St., New York.

Huletts, Lake George, N. Y. Comfortable 5-room furnished bungalows with large planted yard gardens. Only \$100 season. Other larger houses, \$150 and \$250. Facilities for easy housekeeping. Meals at the Inn, if desired. H. W. Buckell, Prop., Lakeside Inn.

Mamakating Park, N. Y. Fully furnished Cottage for Rent 5 double bedrooms, sleeping porches, bath-room, living-room with large fireplace, dining-room, kitchen and laundry. High elevation with beautiful view. Lake with boating and swimming. 3 hours from N. Y. \$125 per month or \$500 for season. Address Owner, Browns Mills, N. J.

For Rent, Furnished Bungalow
Five rooms and sleeping porch. Address H. CHILD, Brookhaven, L. I.

FLUSHING, L. I.

For summer, 8-room house, garden, fruit porches, near country club. ALDRICH, 223 E. 17th Street, New York.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

Long Island, N. Y. For rent, furnished, house about 10 rods from shore; fireplaces, verandas; high, private grounds, shade, fruit, garage, bungalow. Address 7,811, Outlook.

Pleasantville Westchester Co., N. Y. For Sale or Rent, furnished, SMALL HOUSE. 2 enclosed sleeping porches. 2 master's bedrooms. Open fireplace. Studio with open fireplace. Garage. All modern improvements. High ground, shade trees, beautiful view. 7,653, Outlook.

FOR SALE OR RENT, furnished, to adults. Only \$100 per month. Modern HOUSE, all improvements, large garden, garage, etc. Write for particulars. Box 445, Roscoe, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

Saugerties-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

For sale, gentleman's country estate, beautifully situated on high elevation with superb view of Catskill Mountains. Within easy reach of Kingston, Albany and New York. Residence contains 16 rooms, including 8 bedrooms and 2 baths. All modern improvements, including steam heat, telephone, etc. Out-buildings consist of carriage house, granary, barn, stable, two dwelling houses, garage, summer house and conservatory. Large grounds (60 acres) with fruit trees, garden, etc. Water supply from Catskills. Apply to estate of GEORGE W. WASHBURN, Saugerties, N. Y.

SKANEATELES, N. Y. Modern furnished house, 16 rooms, bath, sleeping porch, electricity, piazzas, shade, lake view, trolley, State road, garage. \$5,800. Season, \$500. GEO. M. TALLCOT.

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Frontenac, 1,000 Islands, N. Y. Cottage with 7 rooms, completely furnished, located on St. Lawrence River, with boat-house 25 feet from cottage. Desire to sell immediately to settle an estate. Address E. C. MOORE, 101 Beekman St., New York.

For Sale—Fine Large Village Home
Also Sixty Acres Land Near By. G. F. PITTS, Warwick, N. Y.

MONEY-MAKING FARMS—15
States—\$10 an acre up. Stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. STROUT FARM AGENCY, Dept. 2716, New York.

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Comfortable Home
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House with 12 rooms, 3 baths, garage for two cars, on 15 lots. Easy access to New York by machine or subway. Address E. H. MADISON, P. O. Box 1977, New York.

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Northampton County, 70 miles from Norfolk and Richmond, Va., 4 miles Roanoke River frontage. Homestead contains 3,400 acres, 2,000 acres in cultivation—cotton, peanuts, all grains and tobacco, balance saw timber and pasture. 1 main house, 40 tenant houses, 7 barns, tobacco houses, cotton gin, sawmill; 50 horses and mules and all necessary machinery and equipment. Plantation now operated. Price \$250,000. Terms. (F) E. B. Woolf & Co., 79 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

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We have close to 400,000 acres choice Oregon grazing and agriculture land and about 500 million feet of Oregon pine timber to exchange, all or in part for good income property. Send for full particulars and details of what you can offer. (F) E. B. Woolf & Co., 79 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Real Estate

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A large farm of 600 acres for rent or sale. Fine spring water, two good houses, two barns and large shed which will house 200 sheep. Ideal for sheep farm. In 1916 raised 1,100 bushels rye, 1,400 bushels oats and 125 loads of hay. In Lackawanna Co., near railroad. Write for particulars.

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LAKE CHAMPLAIN For the season, cottages, \$125, \$150, \$250; attractively located, boat and ice included. For particulars address Mrs. S. G. W. BENJAMIN, Burlington, Vt.

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For Sale or Rent. Furnished for SUMMER. 15-room house, large garden, Near University and Signal Corps School of Instruction. Trolley to Fort Ethan Allen. FRED. S. PEASE, Burlington, Vt.

To rent—7-room bungalow and 5-room cottage, fully furnished, at Lake Dunmore, Vt. On beautiful lake near large hotel. Mrs. J. T. Hawkins, 68 Westland Ave., Boston, Mass.

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The moderate cost of owning your own summer home among the Green Mountains of Vermont will be a revelation to you. In Vermont there are thousands of beauty spots, obtainable at very reasonable cost—just waiting for you to mold them into your ideal summer home. Over one hundred Green Mountain peaks more than 2,000 feet high; hundreds of lakes and ponds in beautiful mountain settings. Let this State Bureau help you find yours. Free booklets, "Summer Homes in Vermont and Cottage Sites and Farms For Sale," by writing

FREDERICK G. FLEETWOOD, Sec. of State
Publicity Department C, Morrisville, Vt.

FOR RENT, \$200 the season. Modern farm house, furnished, 9 rooms, sleeping porch, three open fireplaces, running water; garden, orchard. Elevation 1,500 feet. White Mt. views, excellent roads, supplies convenient, charming society. Address J. C. BUCHER, Peekskill, N. Y.

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Grain, stock, alfalfa and dairy farms. Colonial estates in best agricultural and residential section of Virginia. High altitude. Also waterfront properties, both fresh and salt. From the mountains to the sea. 50-page catalogue. Enquiries solicited. Established in 1895. L. M. ALLISON, Remington, Va.

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PEACOCKS FOR SALE. Cocks forty dollars, hens ten. Fished strain white Wandering. Cocks five dollars, hens three. Mrs. Fred Brown, Pendleton, S. C.

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Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers. Room and bath \$3.50 per day with meals, or \$2.00 per day without meals. Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

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A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

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AIKEN, S. C.

Can accommodate guests who wish to rest and live outdoors in the ideal winter climate of the high pine and sand country. Excellent food and care. Furnished Bungalows.

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Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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PRIVATE school. A small, well-established girls' boarding and day school. Convenient to New York and Philadelphia. Capacity enrollment this year. Principal desires to retire. Correspondence confidential. T. H. G., P. O. Box 1,592, Philadelphia, Pa.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE, home study, good position. American School Home Economics, Chicago.

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WANTED—Two active, educated men between 30 and 60 years of age for special work. Address Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—An educated woman between 35 and 50 years of age to make herself generally useful in office and as assistant to housekeeper. Permanent. Heathcote Inn, Scarsdale, N. Y.

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PRACTICAL nurse, young American, Protestant, wanted March 15, small private school. Salary \$45 monthly; home, including laundry. Off duty three hours mornings; one afternoon weekly; day and a half monthly when no sickness. Seguin School, Orange, N. J.

WANTED—Pleasant, reliable woman to relieve mother during summer. Modern farm home, have maid, two children. No male help in house. Good opportunity for congenial person. Write to Mrs. Ware, West Chester, Pa., Route No. 7.

MOTHER'S helper or nursery governess. Young or middle-aged, Protestant. Two children. 5,689, Outlook.

MATRONS, governesses, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, 537 Howard Building, Providence, Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

WANTED—Experienced young woman as mother's helper and nursery governess in family where there are two little girls, ages 2 and 3 years; ALSO competent NURSE, some hospital training preferred. Personal interview desired. Address Mrs. E. M. Bull, 45 Beverly Road, Ridgewood, N. J.

COMPETENT nurse, with references, wanted immediately, to care for three children, ages seven, five, three (two in school), and to assist with light housework. Salary \$35. Address Mrs. THOMAS DORMAN, 182 Cooper Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for next summer, an experienced teacher for three children, eldest thirteen. Must be able to play tennis well. Wages \$100 a month or \$70 and board. Personal interview in New York required. 5,698, Outlook.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA needs teachers with graduate study. Consult Boynton-Esterly Teachers' Agency, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED—Young woman as nursery governess for two little boys, aged 2½ and 5½ years. Education and refinement more essential than experience. Permanent position. Send references and photograph. 5,707, Outlook.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

MANAGER, hotel or club. Young woman of refinement and tact, with unusual executive ability. Scientific training and successful business experience. Very best references. Locality no consideration. 5,720, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING companion for invalid or lady living alone. Reference. 5,715, Outlook.
WANTED, by refined woman, position as housekeeper on gentleman's country estate or club, or care of motherless family. Not afraid of work. References exchanged. 5,717, Outlook.

AMERICAN Protestant gentlewoman, middle aged, experienced with infants, children, and elderly people, wishes position of trust and usefulness with cultured people, resident or traveling. Highest references. Please state particulars if writing. 5,724, Outlook.

COMPANION. Southern gentlewoman. Unusual advantages, music, French, travel. Exceptional credentials. Mrs. Farrar, 5640 Kenmore Ave., Chicago.

GENTLEWOMAN, 40, energetic, ambitious, and experienced in the management of servants and all household affairs, desires position housekeeper, hostess, manager club, inn, or household. Refined and congenial surroundings first requisite. Excellent taste in furnishing and decorating. One capable of making herself invaluable in the right place. 5,728, Outlook.

NURSE, mental or physical; 5 years last case. Will travel. 5,728, Outlook.

REFINED Christian woman, a widow, desires position as companion, chaperon, or mother's helper. 5,729, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

NURSERY governess, mother's helper, refined, trustworthy American Protestant young woman desires situation. New York preferred. Good references. 5,721, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman, prominent family, with successful teaching experience, wishes position as governess or managing housekeeper. Will act as chaperon or hostess. Active, efficient. Available June 1. 5,716, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, trained nurse, English, German, some French, piano, violin; takes entire charge of children over five. Best references. 5,719, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

COLLEGE man desires charge of few boys for the summer months. Camp on a Green Mountain lake, trips to famous Green Mountain and White Mountain peaks, including Washington, Chocoma, Killington, Ascutney. 5,722, Outlook.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

Your Property

Is it For Sale or To Rent?

- ❑ If so, use the next Special Real Estate Issue of The Outlook, which will appear on April 17.
- ❑ An advertisement in this issue will cost but a few dollars and will reach the class of people who will be interested in your property.
- ❑ Write us about your property and we will help you prepare a suitable advertisement.
- ❑ Copy for this number should be in hand not later than April 6.

THE OUTLOOK (Department of Classified Advertising)

BY THE WAY

A collection of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was recently sold at auction in New York City. It contained all the signatures except those of Button Gwinnett and Thomas Lynch, Jr., "whose autographs," the catalogue stated, "as is well known, are quite unprocurable." The scarcity of these autographs is perhaps to be explained by the fact that in the Revolutionary War Button Gwinnett's property was destroyed in a raid by the British and that he fell in a duel a little later; while Thomas Lynch died at the early age of thirty, not long after he had signed the Declaration. The collection, bound in a handsome quarto volume, sold for \$860. A complete set of the autographs was, it is said, sold a few years ago for about \$25,000.

A small monument reminiscent of old-time New York is often noted on Riverside Drive, near that somber memorial, Grant's Tomb. The little stone is inscribed, "Erected to the Memory of an Amiable Child." The touching inscription has aroused much curiosity as to the unrecorded name of the victim of an untimely fate. A New York City paper says that the child was the son of George Pollock, who owned a tract of land in this section in 1797. While this "amiable child" was on a fishing excursion with his father at a place called "Fishing Rock," a short distance out in the river, he fell overboard and was drowned. The father wrote, in conveying to another person the land where the monument stands: "The surrounding ground will fall into the hands of I know not whom, whose prejudices or better taste may remove the monument and lay the inclosure open. You will confer a peculiar and interesting favor upon me by allowing me to convey the inclosure to you, . . . keeping it, however, always inclosed and sacred."

In a newly published "Short History of Rome," by Dr. Ferrero and Dr. Barbagallo, this interesting passage occurs: "This campaign [after the battle of Thapsus] differed from its predecessors in the ferocity with which it was carried on. This time Cæsar showed no mercy. . . . It is an eternal law that a struggle, as it is protracted, becomes more ferocious." The last sentence may have its bearing on present-day history.

The immense increase in the price of food products in Germany, indicating a food shortage, is seen in a table drawn from German sources by the Bureau of Labor at Washington. Since the beginning of the war beef has increased 149 per cent in price; geese, 129 per cent; tomatoes, 500 per cent; green peas, 900 per cent; sauerkraut, 167 per cent; eggs, 357 per cent; soap, 456 per cent. In percentage of increase "bloaters" are at the head of the list, these delectable sea dainties having increased 1,700 per cent in price. While they used to be about a cent each, they are now nearly a mark (24 cents).

Is a pilot an adviser to the captain of a ship or is he the responsible navigator while he is in charge? It would seem that this question should have been threshed out long ago, but "Shipping," in its report of testimony before an investigating commission at Halifax, says: "Captain Hannan said that the pilot acted only in an advisory capacity and that the responsibility for navigation lies always with the master.

On this point Chairman Robb disagreed with him, saying that, if the law compelled a master to take a pilot, the master was relieved of responsibility."

"Some sort of a state-sanctioned Salon is to be held this year," says the Paris correspondent of "American Art News." "Artists will be asked to offer only works of moderate size. The majority of the artists will not really suffer by this rule, since most of the enormous canvases that formerly encumbered the walls of the Salons were never bought by private individuals, but in the end, through the influence of some Deputy or other, helped to fill up uselessly the provincial museums."

A colored minister of the Baptist Church, so runs a story told in the "Christian Register," in order to strengthen and confirm the faith of his congregation, took as his text: "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea." "Oh," said he, "how I like to read these precious words in the blessed Bible! You don't read anywhere about John the Presbyterian, or John the Methodist, or John the Episcopalian. No, brethren, it is John the Baptist."

Women who have motor cars of their own and a desire to use them for the good of our soldiers and sailors in any of the great centers may find inspiration in this note from a subscriber:

There is a constant demand for books for the thousands of volunteer and drafted sailors stationed at the Navy-Yard and other points in New York. I have asked all my friends for books for this purpose, calling for them in my car and delivering them to the Navy-Yard and training ships. In this way over ten thousand books have been secured for the boys. I will gladly call anywhere in Manhattan or Brooklyn, if any one who has attractive books, new or old, and is willing to give them for this good purpose, will send a postal or telephone to Mrs. Thomas S. Moore, 91 Willow Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Tel. Main 1045).

A grind on the plumber, as reported by the San Francisco "Argonaut," is this: The young man and his bride-to-be went to the minister's house to get married. After the ceremony the bridegroom drew the clergyman aside and said in a whisper, "I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, but if you'll take me down into the cellar I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register." This occurrence no doubt took place before the plumbers and gas-fitters had their pay raised to \$7 a day.

"Don't shock the sensibilities of your officer friend by asking him if he is 'home on furlough,'" says a correspondent of "The Writer." "Officers," he goes on, "if they are fortunate, come home 'on leave.' Only privates and 'non-coms.' have furloughs." In the British army, however, it appears, the word furlough is used to express a leave of absence for both officers and enlisted men.

Thomas Hardy drew most of his characters from life, he declared in an interview with Raymond Blathwayt. "Tess," said Mr. Hardy, "I saw only once in the flesh. I was walking along one evening and a cart came along in which was seated my beautiful heroine, who, I must confess, was urging her steed along with rather unnecessary vehemence of language. She colored up very much when she saw me, but—as a novelist—I fell in love with her at once and adopted her as my heroine."

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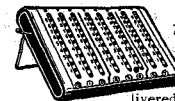
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